

Community Service News

Vol. XIII Apr.-Sept., 1955 Nos. 2 & 3

The Heritage of Community

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Pioneering Toward Community

Eleventh Annual Conference on the Small Community

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THE COMMUNITY OF THE FUTURE

The Place of the Individual Pioneer—Mass Culture vs. the Individual and Small Group

Intercommunity Cooperation

Bringing the Best from Societies of Past and Present

Physical and Economic Planning—The "Country Common" and the "Little Wilderness"

WAYS TO THE NEW COMMUNITY

Differing Values of the Professional and the Nonprofessional Approach to Community Development—in cities—in villages—in between

Groups as Pioneers—Friendship groups—religious fellowships—educational and "intentional" communities—industries

Prerequisites for Pioneering—educational—motivational—occupational—spiritual

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Community Service, Inc., is an organization to promote the interests of the community as a basic social institution, concerned with the economic, recreational, educational, cultural and spiritual development of its members. Community Service was incorporated in 1940 as a non-profit organization to supply information and service for small communities and their leaders, in the belief that the decay of the American community constitutes a crisis which calls for steady and creative effort. The nation-wide interest expressed during the succeeding years has reinforced this opinion.

WHAT IS A COMMUNITY?

Prevailing American definitions of community have been marked by their barrenness of content. For instance, one of the early American sociologists, Warren H. Wilson, formulated a definition which has been often repeated: "The country community has been defined as the team haul. People in the country think of the community as that territory, with its people, which lies within the team haul of a given center. . . . It is the radius within which men buy and sell. . . . It is radius of social intercourse." Galpin, "the father of rural sociology," defined a rural community by answering a few questions: "Where do you buy your hardware? Where do you send your children to high school? Where do you do your banking?" Draw a composite line around the boundary of these services and you have the outline of the community. With many variations in detail these definitions reasonably characterize the attitude of Americans and of many of their sociologists.

Such descriptions are inadequate, partly because those who made them were not aware of the existence of an inner quality and spirit, and partly because the recently assembled towns, villages and neighborhoods of America had not yet acquired, or had partly lost, the organic lift and unity which are essential characteristics of a true community. The strong inner quality present in some of the societies described in the following articles has almost disappeared from much of present-day American life; almost, but not quite.

WHY STUDY THE PAST OF COMMUNITY

Is not our present society the cream of all that has been—the best available basis for what we want? That this is not necessarily so may be illustrated by the course of democracy.

Less than three centuries ago democracy as a way of life, once almost universal among primitive men, had nearly disappeared from most dominant societies. Empire and regal authority prevailed. In the dominant Western World, democracy was but a despised vestige of the primitive past, barely surviving in the high mountain valleys of Switzerland, in near-forgotten Iceland, and among the peasantry of England and Europe. Had anyone then suggested in any one of the dominant and highly cultivated societies that democracy was the most promising social pattern for the future, his remarks would have been met with contempt. Would not those vestiges of democracy soon fade away, as it had among civilized men? Was not power the expression of authentic culture? Would it not be impious to think that the Lord of creation might have let the better way of life be

eliminated by the less excellent? Yet in today's view it was not the nearly universal monarchy, empire and feudalism which passed on the greatest social heritage, but those people of Switzerland and of the lowly British and European villages, who kept alive the ancient democratic way of life until it could be revitalized and re-established as the normal and wholesome basis of human relations.

Is this the only such case, or has it frequently occurred that power and dominance were not synonymous with excellence; that sometimes the more sensitive, the more excellent, has lost out before crude, aggressive drive? Is it possible that "the survival of the fittest" may be for temporary survival, not of the greatest enduring human value? Is it possible that Hitler's conquest of Denmark and Norway, which seemed likely to prevail but for American intervention, would have produced as excellent a society as that which had existed in those countries? Or is it possible that for the best to have sure survival value requires the help of enlightened human purpose?

Is it worth while to consider such a possibility with reference to the small face-to-face community? There are bits of evidence that it is worth while. Overlooked by most of us, and by most sociologists, there have existed, and there continue to exist, communities of such depth and vigor of social and spiritual quality that they have not been killed by all the disregard, violence and destruction that have been visited upon them. Perhaps it is not too late to get a vision of their quality, so that as we aspire to realize the possibilities of community we shall better know what it is that we seek. And perhaps informed and enlightened purpose will lead us to think it worth while to help the surviving deeply vital communities to keep alive, if only so that we can go to them for a renewal of the vision.

Stefansson's description of the Eskimos' life, after eight years of living with them, pictures excellence of pattern and of spirit which may well serve as types for us. John Collier, former U.S. Indian Commissioner, from living for years intimately with Pueblo Indians, describes a quality of community life which makes our own social condition seem crude and superficial. H. Fielding Hall, after living ten years with the villagers of Burma, presented a picture of village life very much finer than is commonly experienced in the sophisticated world of the West.

Many little democratic societies in their community structure and spirit have had great qualities, such as are at the very heart of good living. Some of these have persisted through long adversity, and continue with their spirits unbroken, with character and purpose intact. Using the word community loosely as a name for almost any local society, people have had little idea that there are small social units with any greater significance. In some of the face-to-face societies of the past, and in some of those which survive, the primary-group community was far more than this. It was a vital social

organism, with an intensity of social consciousness, a completeness of understanding, an internal harmony, and a stability and normality of personality, of which we seldom dream.

Just as the contempt in which the dominant powers held the fragments of democracy in Switzerland and among the lower classes in Europe was not a true measure of relative quality, so our disregard for surviving excellence in minor societies is not a true measure of their actual worth. An increasing number of men are coming to be of the opinion that in the ignoring, the violation and the destruction of small, deeply integrated societies there has been great loss, not only to the small communities involved, but to society as a whole.

A knowledge of what actually exists in the way of excellence in old community life may well be worth our seeking. It probably has taken many thousands of years for some of these cultures to evolve. They might never be reborn under existing conditions, and so their preservation may be important. If we should become conscious of the rare qualities of such communities, and of the contributions they can make to the fullness of life, we might have more discriminating aims for our social undertakings.

There was nothing like uniformity in the development of ancient small communities. Many circumstances tended to distort or to blight the best possibilities of community life. In India the caste system regimented men to the callings of their fathers and separated those who used their hands from those whose status called for using their minds. In Egypt heavy taxation and forced labor took the joy out of life. In Europe the Roman Empire and later, feudalism suppressed local self-direction as threatening the monopoly of power, while Rome scoured the known world for slaves, and stripped numberless communities of their young life. The Aztec Empire ravaged the surrounding small nations to secure tens of thousands of victims for human sacrifices, until communities were scattered and families lived solitary in the mountains to escape capture.

Yet here and there through the course of history a culture has emerged which in large degree has fulfilled some of the best aspirations of men. Some of these small societies have persisted to the present. We do well to become acquainted with them and to renew aspiration and courage from them. Nor should we be diverted from our search for fineness by finding that the elements we respect and admire have often through circumstance been associated with other traits we would not emulate. The art of living calls, not for wholesale acceptance or rejection, but for critical and understanding appraisal and selection.

This double issue of *Community Service News* is a collection of accounts, from widely varied sources, of a few of the many past and surviving communities which have possessed such characteristics.

ESKIMO "GOLDEN RULE" COMMUNITIES

by VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Vilhjalmur Stefansson lived for eight years among the far northern Eskimos. He knew their language and manners so well that when he moved to a new community they took him to be an Eskimo. Probably no other European or American has ever been so well qualified to describe the intimate life of these people. Stefansson wrote the following account which is abstracted from a chapter of the book, I Believe, edited by Clifton Fadiman (Simon and Schuster, publishers, 1938), each chapter of which is a statement of the life philosophy of some person.

So far as my picture of the good life is derived from experience, I get it mainly from people of the Stone Age with whom I lived in the Coronation Gulf district of northern Canada. Or, rather, I get from comparing ten years among savages with forty years in civilization the feeling that a better life need not be a chimera—that we have had it in the past and may attain it in the future. . . .

My party of one white and three civilized western Eskimos reached the Stone Age Eskimos of Coronation Gulf in late winter, traveling by sledge in a manner to which the local people were accustomed. . . . We were able to converse from the first day, for Eskimo is one language the whole way from Greenland to Bering Sea across the northern frontier of the New World.

In culture the Gulf Eskimos went back not thousands but tens of thousands of years, for they were just emerging from the age of wood and horn into the earliest period of stone. . . .

They had the highest average of good health which I have ever found in any community of like size, and most deaths among them were from accidents or old age. We have no thought of deriving the health, happiness, and other details of the good life of the Copper Eskimos from their backward state. We are merely trying to sketch briefly, without any necessary causal relation, how these people lived who were to all appearances so much happier than any other group I have ever known.

We were the first of European civilization to live with these Eskimos, and saw during the first year the gradual, and later rapid, increase of discontent. The Stone Age people were discontented with their needles before we came. The first discontent after that was connected with the insect pests. . . . They began to say what a fine thing it would be if a white trader came in with enough mosquito nets so that everybody could buy one.

There were also the black flies. Eskimo garments are loose. We wore knitted cotton shirts and drawers, the elasticity making them tight and flyproof around the wrist and ankle. A longing for this kind of underwear to use in summer was perhaps the basis of the second of the new discontents.

The system which I watched breaking down under the combined influence of Christianity and the fur trade, was, on its economic side, communism. Natural resources and raw materials were owned in common, but made articles were privately owned. The blubber of a seal that was needed for light and heat . . . belonged no more to the man who secured it than to anyone else. A pair of boots belonged to the woman who made them until she presented or sold them to somebody else. A meal that had been cooked was in a sense private property, but it was open to everyone under the laws of hospitality. . . .

It is a usual belief with us that this type of communism leads to shiftlessness. But that was certainly not the case in any Eskimo community known to me, so long as they still followed the native economy.

Among the Eskimos of northern Canada there was no law except public opinion. Although no one had authority, each person had influence according to the respect won from a community which had intimate knowledge of everybody. Nobody was supposed to work if he was sick; and still the permanently handicapped were expected to work, each according to his ability. Among the Copper Eskimos, for instance, I saw a man of about forty who had been blind since he was six. He was one of the most cheerful and constant workers, but naturally could do only a few special things.

It has been a part of European ethics that a debt of honor should be paid before other debts. With the primitive Eskimo every debt was a debt of honor; for there were no police, judges, prisons, or punishment. . . . The same force which compelled the Eskimo to pay his debts compelled him to do his share of the work according to his recognized abilities. I never knew even one who didn't try his best. . . . If there had been a shirker, he would have received the same food; but, even in a circle of punctilious courtesy he would have felt that he was not being fed gladly. It is the nearest thing to impossible, when you know how primitive society works under communistic anarchy, to conceive of anyone with that combination of indolence and strength of character which would make it possible for a well man to remain long a burden on the community.

In the few cases where strength of character is enough for running against public opinion, the issue is seldom or never on any such low plane as that of indolence. I have known one situation where a man was condemned to death. For there was no punishment among the Stone Age Eskimos except the disapproval of the community, and death—nothing in

between. The worst crime, in the view of these anarchistic communists of the Stone Age, was troublemaking—indeed, there cannot be a more anti-social quality in a society that has no legal or punitive machinery. . . .

The successful man stood above his fellows in nothing but their good opinion. The skillful hunter did not have better clothes than the poor hunter or the man who never could hunt—if clothes differed it was chiefly through the skill of a wife or mother as a seamstress. When the good provider brought home the only seal of the day to a village of six families there was no more food in his house than in the one next door. But he was the central figure of the community life for that day.

Rank was determined by the things you secured and turned over to the common use. Your importance in the community depended on your judgment, your ability, and your character, but notably upon your unselfishness and kindness. Those who were useful to the community, who fitted well into the community pattern, were leaders. It was these men who were so often wrongly identified by the careless early civilized trader and the usual trader as chiefs. They were not chiefs, for they had no authority; they had nothing but influence. People followed their advice because they believed it to be sound. They traveled with them because they liked to travel with them.

There was, of course, the negative side. If you were selfish, you were disliked. If you tried to keep more than your share, you became unpopular. If you were persistently selfish, acquisitive, and careless of the general good, you gradually became too unpopular. Realizing this, very likely you would try moving to another community and starting life there over again. If you persisted in your ways and stayed where you were, there would come a time of unanimous disapproval. You might survive for a year or even a few years as an unwanted hanger-on; but the patience of the community might any time find its limit, and there would be one more execution of a troublemaker. . . .

Under the communism we are describing you don't have to accumulate food, apart from the community's store, for you are welcome to all you reasonably need of the best there is. . . . You do not have to own land where no one owns land; you do not own a house because no one owns houses, or wants to. You do not have to accumulate wealth against your old age, for the community will support you as gladly when you are too old to work as it would if you had never been able to work at all. . . .

Fortunately we do not have to debate whether little-civilized and uncivilized Eskimos are the happiest people in the world, for most travelers have agreed on their being the happiest, or at least seeming to be. What we must discuss is why they are or seem the happiest. . . . We are not

trying to say in this paper that the Stone Age Eskimos had a way of life that could not be greatly improved. In our opinion, throwing out the entire dietetic section of Eskimo beliefs would simplify their problems, leading to an increase of happiness—perhaps to some improvement in even their excellent health. . . .

On the basis of my years with the people of the Age of Stone, I feel my vote will have to be that, while there may be some rightness about some of the other explanations, the chief factor in the happiness of the Stone Age Eskimos was that they were living according to the golden rule.

In the Stone Age community those who were selfish lost standing. Those who were altruistic rose in the public esteem. A man who got things to use them himself was not frowned on so long as everybody felt that what he was using was not beyond his needs; but whenever anyone began to keep for himself more than by the usual experience was necessary for his comfort, he lost some of the community's good opinion; if he gave the impression that his main purpose for getting things was that he wanted to keep them, then he fell in standing rapidly. However, that situation never went far, in my experience, for I never actually knew anybody who had the "moral" courage to persist in the acquisitive type of unsocial conduct.

COMMUNITY AND TECHNOLOGY

by ARTHUR E. MORGAN

In Stefansson's description of the far north Eskimos he refers to the disintegration which accompanied the introduction of new articles, and he seems to have the impression that the disorganization is a natural and necessary result of the innovations. This does not seem to be a necessary inference.

Some of the best integrated of the American Indian tribes try to take full advantage of technological developments, such as rural electrification and farm machinery. The Czech community in Oklahoma, mentioned in this issue, while having a far higher degree of community integration than the surrounding population, was also far in advance in the adoption of soil conservation practice, use of modern farm equipment, etc. The Hutterite communities of the West are highly mechanized, though they maintain a very old type of social structure. The Amish people of northern Ohio have as yet rejected power equipment on their farms and electricity for their houses, but farm so effectively and so profitably that they outproduce their neighbors, and continue to buy up the nearby land for their children, at

whatever price it is necessary to pay. The closely knit Swiss community in Franklin County, Tennessee, were the first in their region to practice soil conservation, the first to use fertilizer on their land, and the first to achieve rural electrification. The Waldensians of North Carolina, who had maintained close community structure for many centuries, ran so far ahead of their neighbors in modern technology that the surrounding mountain people flocked to the Waldensian community to share the prosperity, in numbers which swamped the original colonists ten to one. The Mormons do not eschew modern methods.

The difficulties with the Eskimo were the suddenness of the transition, the cynical ruthlessness with which they were exploited by white traders, the dogmatic spiritual coercion of the missionaries, and the sense of inferiority and near awe which the Eskimo felt in the presence of powerful and sophisticated men from another world. There was no inherent reason why steel needles instead of bone should be disintegrating. The fact that an Eskimo would give five or ten per cent of his total possessions for a steel needle which had cost the white trader a few cents measured both the Eskimo's appreciation of technical progress, and the white man's cupidity, the latter being an unknown quality to the Eskimo, a stranger to the culture of Christendom. Neither was there any reason why mosquito bars, or close-fitting underwear which would keep out black flies, should be disintegrating.

It was the Eskimo's sense of the sacredness of a contract which made it feasible for the trader, after loading the Eskimo down with his flashy goods, to require him to give up the laying by of the winter's food in order to fulfill the contract of collecting furs for the trader. As has been true all over the world, the Eskimo assumed that these powerful and superior strangers must know what makes a good life, and that if he could but get what they had he, too, would experience the same good life. Does not the newly-rich American business man proceed to build himself a big house, and have all the trouble which goes with such property, because he assumes that of course other rich men who have big houses must have chosen wisely? Do not most Americans feel that if they were rich, they, too, would have big houses, and thereby happiness?

Excellence tends to be fragile and vulnerable until it has become conditioned and acclimated to the world in which it must live. The Czechs in Oklahoma and the Hutterites in the Dakotas had long been in contact with "civilization," and had developed a degree of immunity to its adverse influences. The excellence of the community quality of Eskimo communities is not to be judged by the inability to suddenly adjust to an alien culture. There would seem to be no inherent conflict between fine community quality and well planned acceptance of modern technology.

ANCIENT COMMUNITY IN BURMA

by H. FIELDING HALL

H. Fielding Hall was an officer in the British army which conquered Burma during the eighteen-eighties. Remaining after the conquest as British governor and judicial officer, he became deeply impressed by Burmese life and character, and in a book, The Soul of a People, published in 1898, from which the following is abstracted, he recorded his impressions. My several inquiries have led me to the opinion that this book provides one of the best impressions we have of village life in Burma.

In contrast to the Eskimos described by Stefansson, the people of the villages of Burma had been influenced by one of the world's great religions—Buddhism. Yet as we compare the village life of Burma with that of the northernmost Eskimos we see a remarkable similarity.

GOVERNMENT. It would be difficult, I think, to imagine anything worse than the government of Upper Burma in its later days. I mean by "government" the king and his counselors and the greater officials of the empire. The management of foreign affairs, of the army, the suppression of greater crimes, the care of the means of communication, all those duties which fall to the central government, were badly done, if done at all. . . . There was no one between the king and the villager—no noble, no landowner, no wealthy or educated class at all. The king had to seek for his ministers among the ordinary people, consequently the men who were called upon to fill great offices of state were as often as not men who had no experience beyond the narrow limits of a village.

The breadth of view, the knowledge of other countries, of other thoughts, that comes to those who have wealth and leisure, were wanting to these ministers of the king. Natural capacity many of them had, but that is not of much value until it is cultivated. You cannot learn in the narrow precincts of a village the knowledge necessary to the management of great affairs; and therefore in affairs of state this want of any noble or leisured class was a very serious loss to the government of Burma. It had great and countervailing advantages . . . but that it was a heavy loss as far as the central government goes no one can doubt. . . . The king remained absolutely supreme, with no one near his throne, and the ministers were mere puppets, here today and gone tomorrow. . . . All these ministers and governors were corrupt; there was corruption to the core. . . .

The only securities against bribery and abuse of power are adequate pay, restricted authority, and great publicity. None of these obtained in

Burma any more than in the Europe of five hundred years ago, and the result was the same in both. . . . Outside Mandalay the country was governed by *wuns* or governors. These were appointed by the king, or by the council, or by both, and they obtained their position by bribery. Their tenure was exceedingly insecure, as any man who came and gave a bigger bribe was likely to obtain the former governor's dismissal and his own appointment. . . .

It is a Burmese proverb that officials are one of the five great enemies of mankind. . . . And yet these officials were not bad men in themselves; on the contrary, many of them were men of good purpose, of natural honesty, of right principles. In a well-organized system they would have done well, but the system was rotten to the core.

It may be asked why the Burmese people remained quiet under such a rule as this; why they did not rise and destroy it, raising a new one in its place; how it was that such a state of corruption lasted for a year, let alone for many years. . . . If it did not do much to help the people, it did little to hinder them. To a great extent it left them alone to manage their own affairs in their own way. . . .

In Burma it was only the supreme government, the high officials that were very bad. It was only the management of state affairs that was feeble and corrupt; all the rest was very good. The land laws, the self-government, the social condition of the people, were admirable. It was so good that the rotten central government made but little difference to the people. . . . If the Burmese government had been the best that ever existed, the annexation [by British conquest] would have happened just the same. It was a political necessity for us [the British.] . . .

When you left the central government, and came down to the management of local affairs, there was a great change. You came straight down from the king and governor to the village and its headman. There were no lords, no squires, nor ecclesiastical power wielding authority over the people.

Each village was to a very great extent a self-governing community composed of men free in every way. The whole country was divided into villages, sometimes containing one or two hamlets at a little distance from each other—offshoots from the parent stem. The towns, too, were divided into quarters, and each quarter had its headman. These men held their appointment-orders from the king as a matter of form, but they were chosen by their fellow-villagers as a matter of fact. Partly this headship was hereditary, not from father to son, but it might be from brother to brother, and so on. It was not usually a very coveted appointment, for the responsibility and trouble were considerable, and the pay small. It was 10 per cent on the tax collections. And with this official as their head, the villagers managed

nearly all their affairs. Their taxes, for instance, they assessed and collected themselves. The governor merely informed the headman that he was to produce ten rupees per house from his village. The villagers then appointed assessors from among themselves, and decided how much each household should pay. Thus a coolie might pay but four rupees, and a rice-merchant as much as fifty or sixty. The assessment was levied according to the means of the villagers. So well was this done, that complaints against the decisions of the assessors were almost unknown—I might, I think, safely say were absolutely unknown. The assessment was made publicly, and each man was heard in his own defence before being assessed. Then the money was collected. If by any chance, such as death, any family could not pay, the deficiency was made good by the other villagers in proportion. When the money was got in it was paid to the governor.

Crime such as gang-robbery, murder, and so on, had to be reported to the governor. All lesser crime was dealt with in the village itself, not only dealt with when it occurred, but to a great extent prevented from occurring. You see, in a village anyone knows everyone, and detection is usually easy. If a man became a nuisance to a village, he was expelled. I have often heard old Burmans talking about this, and comparing these times with those. In those times all crimes were unpunished, and there was but little petty crime. Now all big criminals are relentlessly hunted down by the police; and the inevitable weakening of the village system has led to a large increase of petty crime, and certain breaches of morality and good conduct. I remember talking to a man not long ago—a man who had been a headman in the king's time, but was not so now.

"When were you married?" I asked, just for something to say, and he said when he was thirty-two.

"Isn't that rather old to be just married?" I asked. "I thought you Burmans often married at eighteen and twenty. What made you wait so long?"

And he told me that in his village men were not allowed to marry till they were about thirty. "Great harm comes," he said, "of allowing boys and girls to make foolish marriages when they are too young. It was never allowed in my village."

"And if a young man fell in love with a girl?" I asked.

"He was told to leave her alone."

"And if he didn't?"

"If he didn't, he was put in the stocks for one day or two days, and if that was no good, he was banished from the village." . . .

All villages were not alike, of course, in their enforcement of good manners and good morals, but, still, in every village they were enforced more or less. The opinion of the people was very decided, and made itself

felt, and the influence of the monastery without the gate was strong upon the people.

Yet the monks never interfered with village affairs. As they abstained from state government, so they did from local government. You never could imagine a Buddhist monk being a magistrate for his village, taking any part at all in municipal affairs. The same reasons that held them from affairs of the state held them from affairs of the community. I need not repeat them. The monastery was outside the village, and the monk outside the community. I do not think he was ever consulted about any village matters. I know that, though I have many and many a time asked monks for their opinion to aid me in deciding little village disputes, I have never got an answer out of them. "These are not our affairs," they will answer always. "Go to the people; they will tell you what you want." Their influence is by example and precept, by teaching the laws of the great teacher, by living a life blameless before men, by preparing their souls for rest. It is a general influence, never a particular one. If anyone came to the monk for counsel, the monk would only repeat to him the sacred teaching, and leave him to apply it.

So each village managed its own affairs, untroubled by squire or priest, very little troubled by the state. That within their little means they did it well, no one can doubt. They taxed themselves without friction, they built their own monastery schools by voluntary effort, they maintained a very high, a very simple, code of morals, entirely of their own initiative.

HAPPINESS. As I have said, there was this very remarkable fact in Burma—that when you left the king, you dropped at once to the villager. There were no intermediate classes. There were no nobles, hereditary officers, great landowners, wealthy bankers or merchants.

Then there is no caste; there are no guilds of trade, or art, or science. If a man discovered a method of working silver, say, he never hid it, but made it common property. It is very curious how absolutely devoid Burma is of the exclusiveness of caste so universal in India, and which survives to a great extent in Europe. The Burman is so absolutely enamored of freedom, that he cannot abide the bonds which caste demands. He will not bind himself with other men for a slight temporal advantage; he does not consider it worth the trouble. He prefers remaining free and poor to being bound and rich. Nothing is further from him than the feeling of exclusiveness. He abominates secrecy, mystery. His religion, his women, himself, are free; there are no dark places in his life where the light cannot come. He is ready that everything should be known, that all men should be his brothers.

And so all the people are on the same level. Richer and poorer there are, of course, but there are no very rich; there is none so poor that he

cannot get plenty to eat and drink. All eat much the same food, all dress much alike. The amusements of all are the same, for entertainments are always free. So the Burman does not care to be rich. It is not in his nature to desire wealth, it is not in his nature to care to keep it when it comes to him. Beyond a sufficiency for his daily needs money has not much value. He does not care to add field to field or coin to coin; the mere fact that he has money causes him no pleasure. Money is worth to him what it will buy. With us, when we have made a little money we keep it to be a nest-egg to make more from. Not so a Burman: he will spend it. And after his own little wants are satisfied, after he has bought himself a new silk, after he has given his wife a gold bangle, after he has called all his village together and entertained them with a dramatic entertainment—sometimes even before all this—he will spend the rest on charity. . . .

There are rest-houses everywhere. Far away in the dense forests by the mountain-side you will find them, built in some little hollow by the roadside by someone who remembered his fellow-traveler. You cannot go five miles along any road without finding them. In villages they can be counted by tens, in towns by fifties. There are far more than are required.

In Burmese times roads and bridges were made in the same way by private charity. Nowadays, the British Government takes that in hand, and consequently there is probably more money for rest-house building than is required. . . .

The inclination to charity is very strong. The Burmans give in charity far more in proportion to their wealth than any other people. It is extraordinary how much they give, and you must remember that all of this is quite voluntary. With, I think, two or three exceptions, such as gilding the Shwe Dagon pagoda, collections are never made for any purpose. There is no committee of appeal, no organized collection. It is all given straight from the giver's heart. It is a very marvelous thing. . . .

A Burman's wants are very few, such wants as money can supply—a little house, a sufficiency of plain food, a cotton dress for weekdays, and a silk one for holidays, and that is nearly all.

The Burman does not care for a big house, for there are always the great trees and the open spaces by the village. It is far pleasanter to sit out-of-doors than indoors. He does not care for books. He has what is better than many books—the life of his people all about him, and he has the eyes to see it and the heart to understand it. He cares not to see with other men's eyes, but with his own; he cares not to read other men's thoughts, but to think his own, for a love of books only comes to him who is shut always from the world by ill-health, by poverty, by circumstance. When we are poor and miserable, we like to read of those who are happier. When we are shut in towns, we love to read of the beauties of the hills. When we

have no love in our hearts, we like to read of those who have. And he who can live his life, what cares he for reading of the lives of other people? To have loved once is more than to have read all the poets that ever sang. So a Burman thinks. To see the moon rise on the river as you float along, while the boat rocks to and fro and someone talks to you, is not that better than any tale?

So ■ Burman lives his life, and he asks a great deal from it. He wants fresh air and sunshine, and the great thoughts that come to you in the forest. He wants love and companionship, the voice of friends, the low laugh of women, the delight of children. He wants his life to be a full one, and he wants leisure to teach his heart to enjoy all these things; for he knows that you must learn to enjoy yourself, that it does not always come naturally. That to be happy and good-natured and open-hearted requires an education. To learn to sympathize with your neighbors, to laugh with them and cry with them, you must not shut yourself away and work. His religion tells him that the first of all gifts is sympathy; it is the first step towards wisdom, and he holds it true. After that, all shall be added to you. He believes that happiness is the first of all things. . . .

He often watches us with surprise. He sees us work and work and work; he sees us grow old quickly, and our minds get weary; he sees our sympathies grow very narrow, our ideas bent into one groove, our whole souls destroyed for a little money, a little fame, a little promotion, till we go home, and do not know what to do with ourselves, because we have no work and no sympathy with anything; and at last we die, and take down with us our souls—souls fit for nothing but to be driven for ever with a goad behind and a golden fruit in front.

But do not suppose that the Burmese are idle. Such a nation of workers was never known. Every man works, every woman works, every child works. Life is not an easy thing, but hard, and there is a great deal of work to be done. There is not an idle man or woman in all Burma. The class of those who live on other men's labor is unknown. I do not think the Burman would care for such a life, for a certain amount of work is good, he knows. A little work he likes; a good deal of work he does, because he is obligated often to do so to earn even the little he requires. And that is the end. He is a free man, never a slave to other men, nor to himself.

And so I do not think his will ever make what we call a great nation. He will never try to be a conqueror of other peoples, either with the sword, with trade, or with religion. He will never care to have a great voice in the management of the world. He does not care to interfere with other people: he never believes interference can do other than harm to both sides.

He will never be very rich, very powerful, very advanced in science, perhaps not even in art, though I am not sure about that. It may be he will

be very great in literature and art. But, however that may be, in his own idea his will be always the greatest nation in the world, because it is the happiest.

MANNERS. A remarkable trait of the Burmese character is their unwillingness to interfere in other people's affairs. Every man's acts and thoughts are his own affair, think the Burmans; each man is free to go his own way, to think his own thoughts, to act his own acts, as long as he does not too much annoy his neighbors. Each man is responsible for himself and for himself alone, and there is no need for him to try and be guardian also to his fellows. And so the Burman likes to go his own way, to be a free man within certain limits; and the freedom that he demands for himself, he will extend also to his neighbors. . . . He never desires to interfere with anyone. Certain as he is that his own ideas are best, he is contented with that knowledge, and is not ceaselessly desirous of proving it upon other people. And so a foreigner may go and live in a Burman village, may settle down there and live his own life and follow his own customs in perfect freedom, may dress and eat and drink and pray and die as he likes. No one will interfere. No one will try to correct him; no one will be forever insisting to him that he is an outcast, either from civilization or from religion. The people will accept him for what he is, and leave the matter there. . . .

This tolerance, this inclination to let each man go his own way, is conspicuous even down to the little events of life. It is very marked, even in conversation, how little criticism is indulged in towards each other, how there is an absolute absence of desire to proselytize each other.

ESKIMO TRAITS

from *Primitive Folk*, by Elie Réclus (1891)

"Judge of their honesty. We had unladen all our cargo—wood, coal, tar, oils, pots, ropes, cordage, lances, harpoons, all objects which to the Esquimaux are equivalent to treasures. They touched none of them, although these goods were left unreservedly without watch or ward." . . .

Honesty and Veracity are sisters. The Aleutian, incapable of falsehood, would overwhelm with contempt the man whom he found out in a lie, and would never speak to him again. In his exquisite sincerity, he regards the object that he has promised to any one as no longer belonging to himself; he puts it aside, and no matter what need he may have of it, he will not even borrow it. . . .

"These Esquimaux," remarks Lubbock, "have less religion and more morality than any other race."

THE AMERICAN INDIAN, ALONGSIDE OTHER AMERICAN MINORITIES

by JOHN COLLIER*

The prevailing, professed or unprofessed, popular view in America assumes that ethnic and cultural minorities are perishing quantities, soon to become devoured by, assimilated in, the universe of other-directed life.

The Jews who achieved so profoundly of old, and who are achieving so profoundly now, were and are not numerous; the Greeks who enabled Sir Henry Maine to remark that "All that moves in the modern world is Greek in its origin" were not numerous; the creators of the shining and profound saga records in Iceland were just a handful of men. In history, the mere condition of bigness has borne but little relation to social, cultural, spiritual achievement.

N. A. McQuown, in the June 1955 *American Anthropologist*, identifies two thousand languages and dialects from northern Mexico southward. These Indian peoples achieved diversities of social organization almost matching the diversities of the whole pre-modern world. Almost universally, they had, and sustained into the period of white conquest, and even yet sustain, a world-view, cooperative, not exploitative, toward nature, and actively tolerant toward the human multiplicities of difference. With a few famous exceptions (such as the Inca and in part the Aztec) they functioned democratically, with leadership of the permissive type, with action by what we know as the Quaker method, with a rather profound implicit or explicit realization of what we now call group dynamic principles, and with a symbolic, and what Laura Thompson calls a logico-aesthetic profundity, equally found, for example, among hundreds of little tribes in California and in the Iroquois Confederation and in the Aztec and Inca dominions. Except for the Middle American nations, they remained preliterate, which does not mean that they had short memories or were historically shallow.

The pre-conquest Indians may have numbered a maximum of two million in what is now the United States and Canada; 15 million in Mexico and Central America; 16 million to 32 million within the Inca dominion, principally in the Andes; 30 million to 40 million in the Hemisphere. In 1940, according to estimates circulated by our Department of State, the Indians in North and South America numbered 30 million; the number

*Extracts from a draft of a talk at the Institute on Minority Groups in the U.S., at the Center for the Study of Group Relations, University of Rochester, New York, October 31, 1955.

today would be 40 million. Of this number, some 460,000 are in the United States and Alaska. Definitions are variable, but we may assume that the Indians today are hardly less numerous than the Indians of 1492; and they are one of the fastest-growing demographic or cultural groups within the Hemisphere.

The Navajo tribe is 70,000 in number; the Hopi pueblos are fewer than 4,000; but the Hopi cultural achievements, I believe, surpass that of the Navajo. The famous and unsurpassed Mimbres pottery achievement of the century before and after 1050 A.D., according to archaeological findings, was the product of some 20 to 40 members of each generation (20 to 40 men and women) across six or seven generations. There can be experienced today, at Santo Domingo pueblo, at Acoma Pueblo, among the Hopis, at Zuni Pueblo (to mention only a few cases very well known), a profundity, complexity, intensity, and versatility of cultural production, which might not be exceeded even quantitatively in, for example, the whole of the Arab world, or, one might suggest, in any one region of our cosmopolitan country. These thoughts are worth emphasizing because one of the facts which in popular and legislative thinking makes the United States Indians appear to be a vanishing race is the mere fact of their numerical fewness. How can an Indian culture of 200 souls or 600 souls—how, to the quantity-minded thinker, can it hope to go on into the eons ahead? A mere law of social gravity must ensure its absorption and extinction. But groups as small as 200 and 600, which were thousands of years old when the white man came, have transacted with the white man across 450 years in the American Southwest, and have not grown any bigger quantitatively through these late centuries, yet there they are, dynamic and magnetic functional realities, dependent on great personalities, and producing such personalities generation after generation.

Thoughtful observers looking at Indian life, and going among Indians and witnessing their political actions, in this year 1955, feel rather well assured that the Indians are not going to yield in their own wills, or to be effaced, through a renewal of intermittent ancient pressures toward a kind of social, cultural, spiritual selfgenocide. Not only the covert part of Indian life is living on (covert being a word familiar to anthropologists), but the overt, conscious, systematized, group-directed, and individually impelled striving of the Indians, to hold fast that which is good, appears to be at a higher level now than it ever was since the white man came. So the final verdict is not yet in.

Acknowledging that the way of bilateralism, in Indian and in wider human affairs, is the efficient, productive and economical way as well as being a democratic obligation; yet, can one hope that the Congress and the bureaucracy will resume that way, and be faithful to it hereafter? If the

answer be one of despair—and certainly, much evidence of the remoter past, and of the instant present, intimates despair; then I suggest that the despair must reach far beyond Indians. It must be a despair about the survival of any ever-self-renewing democracy in our national life; a despair about anything prevailing except pressure-group controls, public administration stereotypes, and mere mind-herdedness of national electorates.

THE TWELVE ARTICLES OF THE PEASANTS

The ancient freedoms of the German Black Forest communities were increasingly infringed upon by avaricious and power-hungry feudal lords. In 1525 the peasants united to petition for the return of their old freedoms. They appealed to Luther, whose reformation was then under way. Their reasonable and moderate leaders were put to death by their overlords, whereupon violent men came into the leadership of the peasants. There ensued the Peasants' Revolt, which was not put down until one hundred thousand of them had been killed, and their ancient freedoms were lost for a long period.

These requests and demands of the peasants give us a hint of the social structure and of the vigorous independence of spirit which had existed in these little forest communities until they were gradually choked by church and state. (The translation was made by James Harvey Robertson for the University of Pennsylvania; published in The Ideas That Have Influenced Civilization, 1901.)

It is our humble petition and desire, as also our will and resolution, that in the future we should have power and authority so that each community should choose and appoint a pastor, and that we should have the right to depose him should he conduct himself improperly. . . .

We are ready and willing to pay the fair tithe of grain. . . . From this [whomsoever the community shall appoint] shall give to the pastor, elected by the whole community, a decent and sufficient maintenance for him and his, as shall seem right to the whole community. What remains over shall be given to the poor of the place, as the circumstances and the general opinion demand. Should anything further remain, let it be kept, lest any one should have to leave the country from poverty. Provision should also be made from this surplus to avoid laying any land tax on the poor. In case one or more villages themselves have sold their tithes on account of want, and the village has taken action as a whole, the buyer should not

suffer loss, but we will that some proper agreement be reached with him for the repayment of the sum by the village with due interest. But those who have tithes which they have not purchased from a village, but which were appropriated by their ancestors, should not, and ought not, to be paid anything further by the village. . . .

It has been the custom hitherto for men to hold us as their own property, which is pitiable enough, considering that Christ has delivered and redeemed us all. . . . God has not commanded us not to obey the authorities, but rather that we should be humble, not only towards those in authority, but towards everyone. . . . We therefore take it for granted that you will release us from serfdom as true Christians, unless it should be shown us from the Gospel that we are serfs. . . .

It has been the custom heretofore, that no poor man should be allowed to touch venison or wild fowl or fish in flowing water, which seems to us quite unseemly and unbrotherly as well as selfish and not agreeable to the word of God. In some places the authorities preserve the game to our great annoyance and loss, recklessly permitting the unreasoning animals to destroy to no purpose our crops. . . . It is our desire if a man holds possession of waters that he should prove from satisfactory documents that his right has been unwittingly acquired by purchase. We do not wish to take it from him by force, but his rights should be exercised in a Christian and brotherly fashion. But whosoever cannot produce such evidence should surrender his claim with good grace. . . .

We are aggrieved in the matter of wood-cutting, for the noble folk have appropriated all the woods to themselves alone. If a poor man requires wood he must pay double for it. It is our opinion in regard to a wood which has fallen into the hands of a lord whether spiritual or temporal, that unless it was duly purchased it should revert again to the community. It should, moreover, be free to every member of the community to help himself to such firewood as he needs in his home. Also, if a man requires wood for carpenter's purposes he should have it free, but with the knowledge of a person appointed by the community for that purpose. . . .

The lord should no longer try to force more services or other dues from the peasant without payment, but permit the peasant to enjoy his holding in peace and quiet. The peasant should, however, help the lord when it is necessary, and at proper times when it will not be disadvantageous to the peasant and for a suitable payment. . . .

We are greatly burdened by holdings which cannot support the rent exacted from them. We ask that the lords may appoint persons of honor to inspect these holdings, and fix a rent in accordance with justice, so that the peasant shall not work for nothing, since the laborer is worthy of his hire.

We are burdened with a great evil in the constant making of new laws. We are not judged according to the offence, but sometimes with great ill will, and sometimes much too leniently. In our opinion we should be judged according to the old written law so that the case shall be decided according to its merits, and not with partiality. . . .

We are aggrieved by the appropriation by individuals of meadows and fields which at one time belonged to the community. These we will take again into our own hands. It may, however, happen that the land was rightfully purchased. When, however, the land has unfortunately been purchased in this way, some brotherly arrangement should be made according to circumstances. . . .

We will entirely abolish the due called *Todfall* [compulsory payment to the lord on the death of a peasant], and will no longer endure it, nor allow widows and orphans to thus be shamefully robbed against God's will, and in violation of justice and right, as has been done in many places, and by those who should shield and protect them. These have disgraced and despoiled us, and although they had little authority they assumed it.

BLACK FOREST AND ARIZONA DESERT

Some of the characteristics of old-time community culture appear in such dissimilar places and under such different conditions as to suggest either common origin in the distant past, or that the essential nature of family and community will find similar expressions in diverse circumstances. The following cases illustrate this similarity.

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago Tacitus, in his *History of the Germans*, described the general social structure and attitudes of the people of the Black Forest region of Germany. About seventy-five years ago Herbert Adams indicated how that culture had remained largely unchanged through the centuries, and described the community structure. In 1900 it was my privilege to live as a member of a Black Forest family in which much of the ancient culture was intact. I saw intimately from the inside the way of life which gave character to the whole. I have crossed the mighty Mississippi near its source by stepping from stone to stone. It was a somewhat similarly unusual experience to observe in an Odenwald or Black Forest family the basic unit of a way of life which has had far reaching influence on the world.

During my early twenties I worked one winter as a laborer for a German farmer in Minnesota. My job was to cut "cordwood" in the farmer's

forest, to be sold in town as household fuel. During that period I lived in the farmer's home with his family, the only outsider there. He and his wife had come from the Odenwald or Black Forest region of South Germany, had reproduced in the Minnesota woods a replica of the Black Forest home, and had continued the ancient culture. The large room of the house was the combined kitchen and living room, perhaps 18 by 27 feet. Here the family largely ate and worked and lived. There were the man and wife, six children and the grandmother.

This was my first experience of what might be called an organic family. The oldest child was a boy of perhaps sixteen, the next a girl of perhaps fourteen, while the youngest were children of perhaps four and six. The family life moved through the hours of the day, and day after day, with a smoothness and effectiveness which might have resulted from long, disciplined rehearsal, yet there was no suggestion of teaching or direction. It seemed to come naturally. This was not due to uniformity of schedule, for on days when the men hauled loads of "cordwood" to town they would be up at three o'clock in the morning to prepare for the trip, and might not get back until far into the night.

I saw the family life chiefly before breakfast and after the evening meal, or on days too stormy for wood cutting. After the evening meal the entire family would be at work. When these immediate tasks were done there were others waiting. Grandmother would knit, the young daughter would spin; even the youngest of the children had their part, especially around meal time. The four- or five-year-olds were not playing at helping, they actually were useful. There was no suggestion that work was unpleasant or a burden. The systematic orderliness with which everything was done was impressive.

I had particularly favorable opportunity to observe the family in the morning while breakfast was being prepared. Then everyone was busy, from the four-year-old to grandmother. There were the cows to milk, the hogs and chickens to feed, firewood to bring in, water to carry, breakfast to prepare, and the house to put in order. The family were devout Catholics. At a time before breakfast, and again before supper, when nearly everyone would be in the kitchen, there would be extended repeating from memory of prayers or ritual in German. The entire family would be busy, each with his or her own particular work, yet they would repeat the ritual together with perfect coordination. What I observed was not just the repetition of words, but a moving emotional experience. The fourteen-year-old daughter, who had concern for my soul and would have welcomed my conversion, would tell me of how much such experience meant to her.

I do not recall ever having heard an angry word in this household. The working together was more than a deliberate arrangement. It was

almost as natural as breathing. In such a setting the occurrence of delinquency is nil. This, I believe, was not the achievement of this particular household. Rather, in this family there had been preserved an ancient culture. The beauty and fineness of it has remained a valued memory for half a century.

It was not only the activity of the day that was in order, but of the entire year. Yankee farmers in central Minnesota were always quarrelling with the season, under stress to repair the machinery when they should be planting or harvesting, and commonly a little behind in their work. Not so the Black Forest farmer. The season moved as surely and as smoothly for him as for the wild roses. Our Black Forest farmer, commenting on the perpetual haste of his Yankee neighbor, remarked: "The winter says to him, 'What did you do in the summer time?', and the summer says to him, 'What did you do in the winter time?'" A German philosopher friend, who speaks as though he came from the Black Forest, sums up his views: "The controlling principle of the universe is 'orden' (order)." The Black Forest communities had the seeds of "orden" and passed it on to a larger world.

In *The Hopis*, by Walter Collins O'Kane (University of Oklahoma Press, 1954), is the following picture of an organic household in this Arizona Indian tribe:

A Hopi household is a self-directing group, the members of which seem to achieve an automatic coordination of their activities. No one tells others what they should do, or when, or how. No one exercises authority. The various members seem to fall naturally into a pattern in which the abilities of the individual and the needs of the household are satisfactorily served, a pattern which probably was evolved so long ago that it requires no direction, and is accepted without question.

With the Hopis, as in the Black Forest culture, coordination did not mean uniformity. O'Kane continues:

To a visitor, a household seldom, if ever, gives the impression of working under pressure. It does not time its duties by the clock. . . . Breakfast may be quite early if there are crops needing attention, or it may be quite late if that is desirable. In the summer months, the evening meal may be eaten outdoors after darkness has come and the bright stars illuminate the desert sky. In winter, bedtime may come early because not much can be done in weaving or basketry or other crafts in darkness or by the light of an oil lamp.

In either of these cases the organic unity is not a mechanical arrangement but a quality of the culture.

—ARTHUR E. MORGAN

EXTRACTS FROM

THE GERMANIC ORIGIN OF NEW ENGLAND
TOWNS

by HERBERT B. ADAMS*

We take our present institutions for granted, as somehow being "natural." We often are unaware of the extent to which those we most prize are descended from the small communities of the past, nor do we realize how much the continuance of those institutions depends on the survival of face-to-face community in the future. The following extracts from a scholarly study of seventy years ago carry us back to the little forest communities of Germany, similar to those described by Tacitus in his History of the Germans, written about 100 A.D. Here we get a glimpse of the uninterrupted stream of culture which still contributes pattern and character to our common life. (Ed.)

The reproduction of the town and parish systems of Old England under colonial conditions in America is one of the most curious and suggestive phenomena of American history. The process was so quiet, so unobtrusive, so gradual, so like the growth of vegetation in spring time—in short, so *natural*, that it seems to have escaped the notice of many historians of the larger colonial life. . . . And yet these little communes were the germs of our state and national life. They gave the colonies all the strength which they ever enjoyed. It was the towns, parishes and counties that furnished life-blood for church and state, for school and college, for war and peace. In New England especially, towns were the primordial cells of the body politic. In all the colonies, civic communities were the organic issues, without which the colonial body would have been but a lifeless mass. . . .

It is just as improbable that free local institutions should spring up without a germ along American shores as that English wheat should have grown here without planting. . . . The town and village life of New England is as truly the reproduction of Old English types as those again

**The Germanic Origin of New England Towns*. Read before the Harvard Historical Society, May 9, 1881, by Herbert B. Adams, Ph. D. (Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, published by the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, 1882).

are reproductions of the village community system of the ancient Germans. . . . "For the fatherland of the English race," says Green in his *History of the English People*, "we must look far away from England itself. . . . Of the temper and life of the folk in this older England we know little. But from the glimpses that we catch of it when conquest had brought them to the shores of Britain their political and social organization must have been that of the German race to which they belonged. In their villages lay ready formed the social and political life which is round us in England today. . . .

"It is with reverence such as is stirred by the sight of the head-waters of some mighty river that one looks back to these village moots of Friesland or Sleswick. It was here that England learned to be a 'mother of Parliaments.' It was in these tiny knots of farmers that the men from whom Englishmen were to spring learned the worth of public opinion. . . . The 'talk of the village moot . . . is the groundwork of English history.'"

The origin of the English Constitution, as Montesquieu long ago declared, is found in the forests of Germany. . . . If we read the admirable work of Tacitus concerning the manners and customs of the Teutons, we shall find that it was from them that the English derived their political system. . . . The student has only to travel a few hours southward from the Odenwald and the Bergstrasse to reach the heart of the Black Forest. In either of these parts of Germany he can discover surviving features of the ancient village community system as described by Tacitus. . . .

Tacitus probably saw what every stranger sees to this day on visiting the country villages of South Germany, namely, compact settlements, but with separate buildings and home lots, exactly like those of a New England farming town. . . . The traveler of today will find in the interior of the Odenwald far more primitive villages than in the Black Forest. . . . Traversing either the government highways or the common dirt roads through the Odenwald or Black Forest, the student may explore the numerous valleys and forest villages, which are to this day skirted with evergreen forests, dimly suggesting to his fancy the ambushes into which the Roman legions fell when they penetrated the Teutoburger World. In such forests liberty was nurtured. Here dwelt the people Rome never could conquer. In these wild retreats the ancient Teutons met in council upon tribal matters of war and peace. Upon the forest hill-tops they worshipped Wodan, the All Father; in the forest valleys they talked over, in village-moot, the lowly affairs of husbandry and the management of their common fields. Here were planted the seeds of Parliamentary or Self-Government, of Commons and Congresses. Here lay the germs of religious reformations and of popular revolutions, the ideas which have formed Germany and Holland, England and New England, the *United States* in the broadest sense of that old Germanic institution. . . .

The field meetings of Teutonic farmers for the distribution of lands and the regulation of crops were the germs of English parish meetings and of New England town meetings. The village elders are the prototype of the English Reeve and Four, and of the New England Town Constable and Board of Selectmen. . . .

The English Agricultural Community, of the Middle Ages, which survived the crushing weight of feudalism and has perpetuated itself down to our own times, stands forth as the historic survival of the Teutonic village. Under the very heel of the Norman conqueror, the old communal spirit of the Saxons endured. [They] transferred from ancient Germany to the eastern part of England the village community system and agrarian customs of their forefathers. The dominant or communal idea of these villages, and some of these old Teutonic practices in the matter of land-holding, were transferred across another and broader sea than the German ocean, and took root in the eastern parts of New England. States are not founded upon shipboard, though the vessel be as staunch as the Mayflower, and constitutions cannot be framed upon paper, though it be the Pilgrims' compact.

A band of Saxon pirates tossing upon the waves of the North Sea and preparing to descend upon the coasts of Britain could not constitute a State, in passage, however excellent their discipline. But those Saxon pirates bore with them a knowledge of self-government, which, when rooted in the soil of Britain, grew into Saxon England and the law of the land. Magna Carta and the Bill of Rights are only the development of those germs of liberty first planted in the communal customs of our Saxon forefathers. The Constitution of England is not written at all; it is simply a rich but sturdy growth of popular institutions, derived originally from the forests of Germany, and transplanted across the sea. What is thus maintained and acknowledged concerning our Saxon forefathers, may likewise be urged concerning the Pilgrim fathers. They were merely one branch of the great Teutonic race, a single offshoot from the tree of liberty which takes deep hold upon all the past. This offshoot was transplanted to Plymouth, and it grew up . . . like the first Saxon settlements of England and like other forms of local self-government, budding, spreading, and propagating after its kind. . . .

Underneath all the phenomena of Pilgrim zeal and suffering, more enduring than the Pilgrims' noble compact, unnoticed like the upholding power of earth, lies the primordial fact of the local settlement of the Pilgrim in a form of civic community older than Saxon England, older than the primitive church, and older than the classic states of antiquity. . . .

The most striking indication of historic connection between the village communities of New England and those of the Old World lies in the sovereignty of the people.

ANCIENT COMMUNITY IN AMERICA

by JOHN COLLIER

INTRODUCTION, by Arthur E. Morgan

Thirty years ago, while I was in New Mexico on an engineering job, I was invited to go with an anthropologist to see a ceremonial dance at the San Fernando Indian pueblo. I went with mild interest, as I might have gone to see a small town ball game. What I did see has remained in my memory as one of the most impressive experiences of my life. It was a minor occasion—to celebrate the cleaning of the irrigation ditches. Yet never before or since have I witnessed more adequate expression of human dignity, or such perfect coordination of motion on the part of twenty or thirty persons. There was no chorus-girl uniformity. No two persons would be performing the same motions, except when three or four would be singing the same words. Between the many varied and individual parts there was such stopwatch accuracy of timing as I had never seen before, and never have seen since. There were no histrionics, no posing, no forced or unnatural motions. There was beauty of motion, fitness, proportion.

I have seen *Pythagoras Bound* enacted in the ancient theater at Athens, and was deeply moved by it. (Incidentally, the costumes worn at the Pueblo ceremony were strikingly similar to those of the Greek theater.) The Pueblo ceremony was far more excellent in performance. I have been present at a well-rehearsed high mass on an occasion of national importance in a Roman Catholic cathedral. In comparison with the Pueblo ceremony the high mass seemed amateurishly conducted, and relatively unstructured. Yet the Pueblo ceremony celebrated only one of the less distinctive points in the year's cycle. I was witnessing, not a routine action, but an expression of the soul of a people; and by a people which had a soul.

The term "Indian dance" is misleading to Americans. These are religious ceremonies in which there are symbolic rhythmical movements. The significance of the symbolism is nearly always a carefully guarded secret of the tribe. Should a Roman Catholic high mass or a Masonic initiation ceremony have been seen first among the Indians, either one probably would have been called an Indian dance.

The attitude of the Americans who coveted the land of these Indians, as it was expressed to me personally by those men, did not differ greatly from their attitude toward the inhabitants of prairie dog towns, where, by feeding arsenic-soaked grain to poison the entire population of prairie dogs,

they could remove competition for the grass they wanted for their cattle. I had not realized that Americans in good standing could be so calloused in their relations to other men. Today, notwithstanding a tempering of attitude, and kind words from our chief executive, just such Americans, answering to their land and timber lust, and working through our Indian Bureau and the Congress, are still at work destroying the land basis of the age-long social and spiritual structure of our Indian tribes.

This and a few other experiences have given me a first-hand regard for the quality of American Indian life which emphasizes the words of John Collier, which follow. His full story, from which these extracts are taken, is found in *Indians of the Americas* (New American Library, Mentor Books M33, 1948, 191 pages, 35¢.

—A.E.M.

They had what the world has lost. They have it now. What the world has lost, the world must have again, lest it die. . . .

What, in our human world, is this power to live? It is the ancient, lost reverence and passion for human personality, joined with the ancient, lost reverence and passion for the earth and its web of life.

This indivisible reverence and passion is what the American Indians almost universally had; and representative groups of them have it still. They had and have this power for living which our modern world has lost—as world-view and self-view, as tradition and institution, as practical philosophy dominating their societies and as an art supreme among all the arts. . . .

By virtue of this same power, the little pueblo of Tesuque, in New Mexico, when threatened by the implacable destroying action of government some twenty-five years ago, starved and let no white friend know it was starving. It asked no help, determined only to defend its spiritual values and institutions and its remnant of land which was holy land.

If our modern world should be able to recapture this power, the earth's natural resources and web of life would not be irrevocably wasted within the twentieth century, which is the prospect now. True democracy, founded in neighborhoods and reaching over the world, would become the realized heaven on earth. . . .

True, the deep cause of our world agony is that we have lost that passion and reverence for human personality and for the web of life and the earth which the American Indians have tended as a central, sacred fire since before the Stone Age. Our long hope is to renew that sacred fire in us all. It is our only long hope. . . .

I shall tell how the long hope came to my own life through the Indians. I was thirty-five years old. I had organized and taught in the fields of social work and community development from New York to California. . . .

Repeatedly, I had been solicited on behalf of America's Indian people; but always I had resisted and refused. It was too late, I believed; that golden age was done. . . . And any golden age was done! . . .

Then came, from Mabel Dodge (now Mabel Luhan) at Taos, New Mexico, a renewed appeal. She had sent the word many times before. . . . "You can detour here, and go on to Sonora so easily," she urged. So the little party detoured; and it did not enter Mexico until eleven years had passed.

We climbed to the Taos plateau in a blinding snowstorm, just before Christmas. Then while great snowflakes descended at twilight, we watched the Virgin and Child borne from the Christian church high along an avenue of green to a vast chanting of pagan song. After two days, the Red Deer Dance began. . . . And veritably . . . the tribe's soul appeared to wing into the mountain, even to the Source of Things.

Once before—almost twenty years before—I had been storm-shaken as on that Taos day. That was upon my discovery of Walt Whitman during my seventeenth year. I was rocked; it was like an hallucination of earthquake. . . . That solitary experience of "cosmic consciousness" had been mine, that forever *solitary* translation. But here, at Taos, a whole race of men, before my eyes, passed into ecstasy through a willed discipline. . . .

These were unsentimental men who could neither read nor write, poor men who lived by hard work, men who were told every day in all kinds of unsympathetic ways that all they believed and cared for had to die, and who never answered back. For these men were at one with their gods. . . .

The Taos experience, twenty-six years ago, changed my life plan. But not immediately, since the view of most anthropologists that the Indian's spirit (and all so-called aboriginal spirit) has to die, stubbornly possessed my mind. After a year or two, becoming familiar with the sheer force of the facts of Pueblo Indian life, I modified my fatalistic position. But then, I thought, these pueblo Indian city-states are a case apart. . . . Most Indian tribes could not possibly have this survival quality. For years I believed that the long, remorseless course of events, the social destruction piled on biological destruction which the white man had wrought upon the Indians, must have killed, in most Indians, that most profound of their spiritual possessions—the one our sick world most needs. . . .

As we traversed Indian history from the Conquest down to their present-day strivings, and up and down the two continents, we come upon the Indian affirmative over and over again. We shall meet that affirmative—which this writer, at least, was so slow to understand—all through the record. For through all the slaughter of American Indian biological stocks, in the slaughter of their societies and trampling upon their values, strange as it may seem, they have kept the faith. The inner core-value, complex and

various, has not been killed. And since it has not been killed, it never will be. . . . The Indian keeps his gift as a gift for us all. . . .

Societies as the shapers and sustainers of life were implicitly, even explicitly, denied to exist by the epoch immediately preceding our own; the assertions or assumptions of that epoch—call it the period of industrial revolution, or the nineteenth century—govern our thinking today. . . . One of these factors was . . . the uprooting of populations, the disintegration of neighborhoods, the end of home and handicrafts, the supremacy of the machine over the man, the immense impoverishment of the age-old relationships between the generations, the increased mobility of the individual, the enormous expansion of commercialized recreation, the quest by mass-circulating newspapers, the movies and radio for lowest common denominators. All this confused, degraded, and even sometimes destroyed the societies utterly. . . .

The Indian knew the meaning of society as creator of personality and as organizer of man with universe, through many aeons before ever the white man came. He kept alive, and was made alive by, a multiplicity of contrasting societies.

The white conqueror, for reasons military, economic and religious, pronounced sentence of death on the Indian societies. Through century-long years of slavery, expropriation, physical decimation, and propaganda directed to the Indian against the Indian spirit, the conqueror worked hard to carry out the Indian's death sentence. A broad view of Indian history from 1492 until recent years shows a death hunt against the Indian societies. To many of the societies, the death hunt brought annihilation, death everlasting. To others it brought wounds that seemed mortal; but with an astounding regenerative power they arose from the rubble. Harried into the wastes, secreted there for lifetimes, and starving, still the Indian groupings, languages, religions, culture systems, symbolisms, mental and emotional attitudes toward the self and the world, continued to live on. . . . They sustained the core and genius of their way of life. When so very, very late, and perhaps for only a brief term of years (none can be sure, as yet) some of the white man's societies lifted their sentences of death from these all but invisible Indian societies, the response was a rush of human energy, a creativity industrial, civic, esthetic. How swiftly, with what flashing brilliance, with what terrible joy, these long-immured, suddenly reprieved little societies demonstrated the truth which our age has lost: that societies are living things, sources of the power and values of their members; that to be and to function in a consciously living, aspiring, striving society is to be a personality fulfilled.

So the Indian record is the bearer of one great message to the world. Through his society, and only through his society, man experiences great-

ness; through it, he unites with the universe and the God, and through it, he is freed from all fear. Those who accept the Indian message and lesson will know how intense, even how awful, is the need for creators and creative effort in the field of understanding and discovery of the nature and meaning of the societies of mankind.

To know the spirit of the Indians of the United States is to know another world. . . . European contact with the Indians north of Mexico set in motion events very different from the Caribbean, Mexican, Central American and Peruvian histories. . . . This contrast led to subjection and enslavement in the one area, and in the other to hundreds of years of warfare, with no successful enslavement and even, to the end, no yielding by the Indians to anything but the sheer fact of being physically overwhelmed.

The million Indians of the United States and Alaska were formed within more than six hundred distinct societies. . . . Beyond wanting enough members to insure tribal continuance, the tribes did not have statistical ambitions. They valued quality, not numbers, in men. . . .

It was not until the white centuries had five-sixths completed themselves that the planned, implemented destruction of the Indian societies as the means of breaking the Indian's soul began. The full intensity of this policy and practice of social destruction against Indians lasted only sixty years and then was stopped. Its policy of mutilation and starvation reached deep; but it had not time enough to kill a thing so strong.

In his true citadel and home—his tribal society, and his soul—the Indian went on, transmuting hard and faithless events into spiritual good. The Indian's spiritual and social hygiene remained triumphant. Pain beyond any possible telling, depopulation, the loss of homeland, the loss of any foreseeable future—all these he endured, and did not try to tell himself that they were less than they were. He kept his humor, his pride, his values of aristocracy, his power of love and his faith in gods who do not hate. Betrayed, overwhelmed, subjected to scorning hate, he was never inwardly defeated. So the bleak record did not mean, to him, what it meant externally and what it must mean to you and me. . . .

It was among the Plains Indians that the policy of annihilation of the societies and then of the individual Indian personality was carried to the farthest extreme. Beginning about 1870, a leading aim of the United States was to destroy the Plains Indians' societies through destroying their religions; and it may be that the world has never witnessed a religious persecution so implacable and so variously implemented. The successive and evolving reactions of the Indians to the irresistible proscription supplied a moving chapter to the religious history of mankind. The assault against the tribal and intertribal religions was part of an all-out offensive against Indian land and society. . . .

To kill the Indian traditions and to break the relationship of the generations, Indian children were seized at six years and were confined in "boarding schools" until past their adolescence. In vacation time they were indentured to whites as servants. In the schools the use of the native language was forbidden; everything reminiscent of or relevant to Indian life was excluded; the children were forced to join whichever Christian church, through the favor of the Indian Bureau, had entrenched itself in the particular school. . . .

The Indians of the whole country lost 90,000,000 acres to whites through the direct and indirect working of land allotment in the years from 1887 to 1933; but in addition, they lost to whites the *use* of most of the allotted land still Indian-owned. . . .

The individual fares best when he is a member of a group faring best. All human beings, in young childhood at least, are members of groups. The group is the tree and they are the fruit it bears. At least up to a certain age-level, the individual reft from his group is hurt or destroyed. The ruin inflicted on Red Indians through the white man's denial of their group-hood, and his leading them to deny their own group-hood is only a special case of something that is universal. It may be that contemporary white life is being injured nearly as much by the submergence of its primary social groupings as the denial of Indian group-hood injured Indian life. If the primary social group in white life were regenerated for full functioning, through resourceful and sustained social effort, and were dynamically connected once more with the great society, the hygienic and creative results might be no less startling than those observed in the comeback of Indian societies. . . .

And last, the Indians and their societies disclose that social heritage is far more perduring than is commonly believed. On how small a life-base, on a diminished and starved life-base for how many generations, the motivations and expectations of a society, and its world-view and value system and loyalties, can keep themselves alive; how these social possessions, which are of the soul, can endure, like the roots and seeds on the Mojave desert, through long ages, without one social rain: and how they rush, like these roots and seeds, into surprising and wonderful blossoms when the social rain does come at last. Perhaps no other ethnic groups have revealed this old, all-important truth so convincingly as the Indians have done. Indeed, this capacity for perdurance is one of the truths on which the hope of our world rests—our world grown so pallid in the last century, and now so deathly pallid, through the totalitarian horror. The sunken stream can flow again, the ravaged desert can bloom, the great past is not killed. The Indian experience tells us this.

NEW MEXICO

by D. H. LAWRENCE*

This article, written for Survey Graphic by the novelist shortly before his death, carries his critique of modern civilization as it comes in contact with the Indians of our Southwest and confronts native cultures re-emerging below the Rio Grande.

I think New Mexico was the greatest experience from the outside world that I have ever had. It certainly changed me for ever. Curious as it may sound, it was New Mexico that liberated me from the present era of civilization, the great era of material and mechanical development. Months spent in holy Kandy, in Ceylon, the holy of holies of southern Buddhism, had not touched the great psyche of materialism and idealism which dominated me. And years, even, in the exquisite beauty of Sicily, right among the old Greek paganism that still lives there, had not shattered the essential Christianity on which my character was established. Australia was a sort of dream or trance, like being under a spell, the self remaining unchanged, so long as the trance did not last too long. Tahiti, in a mere glimpse, repelled me; and so did California, after a stay of a few weeks. There seemed a strange brutality in the spirit of the western coast, and I felt: Oh, let me get away! . . .

I had looked over all the world for something that would strike me as religious. The simple piety of some English people, the semi-pagan mystery of some Catholics in southern Italy, the intensity of some Bavarian peasants, the semi-ecstasy of Buddhists or Brahmins: all this had seemed religious all right, as far as the parties concerned were involved, but it didn't involve me. . . .

I had no permanent feeling of religion till I came to New Mexico and penetrated into the old human race-experience there. It is curious that it should be in America, of all places, that a European should really experience religion, after touching the old Mediterranean and the East. It is curious that one should get a sense of living religion from the Red Indians, having failed to get it from Hindus or Sicilian Catholics or Cinghalese. . . .

The American Indian in his behavior as an American citizen doesn't really concern me. What concerns me is what he is, or what he seems to me to be, in his ancient, ancient race-self and religious self. For the Red Indian seems to me much older than Greeks or Hindus or any European

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or even Egyptians. The Red Indian, as a civilized and truly religious man, civilized beyond tabu and totem, as he is in the south, is religious in perhaps the oldest sense, and deepest, of the word. That is to say, he is a remnant of the most deeply religious race still living. . . .

While a tribe retains its religion and keeps up its religious practices, and while any member of the tribe shares in those practices, then there is a tribal integrity and a living tradition, going back far beyond the birth of Christ, beyond the pyramids, beyond Moses. A vast old religion which once swayed the earth lingers in unbroken practice there in New Mexico, older, perhaps, than anything in the world save Australian aboriginal tabu and totem, and that is not yet religion.

You can feel it, the atmosphere of it, around the pueblos. Not, of course, when the place is crowded with sight-seers and motor-cars. But go to Taos pueblo on some brilliant snowy morning, and see the white figures on the roof: or come riding through at dusk on some windy evening, when the black skirts of the silent women blow around the white wide boots, and you will feel the old, old root of human consciousness still reaching down to depths we know nothing of; and of which, only too often, we are jealous. It seems it will not be long before the pueblos are uprooted.

But never shall I forget watching the dancers, the men with the fox-skin swaying down from their buttocks, file out at San Geronimo, and the women with seed-rattles following. The long, streaming, glistening black hair of the men. Even in ancient Crete long hair was sacred in a man, as it is still in the Indians. Never shall I forget the utter absorption of the dance, so quiet, so steadily, timelessly rhythmic, and silent, with the ceaseless down-tread, always to the earth's center, the very reverse of the upflow of Dionysiac or Christian ecstasy. . . .

Never shall I forget the Indian races, when the young men, even the boys, run naked, smeared with white earth and stuck with bits of eagle fluff for the swiftness of the heavens, and the old men brush them with eagle feathers, to give them power. And they run in the strange hurling fashion of the primitive world, hurled forward, not making speed deliberately. And the race is not for victory. It is not a contest. There is no competition. It is a great cumulative effort. The tribe this day is adding up its male energy and exerting to the utmost: for what? To get power, to get strength: to come, by sheer cumulative, hurling effort of the bodies of men, into contact with the great cosmic source of vitality which gives strength, power, energy to the men who can grasp it, energy for the year of attainment.

It was a vast old religion, greater than anything we know: more darkly and nakedly religious. There is no God, no conception of a god. All is god. But it is not the pantheism we are accustomed to, which expresses itself as "God is everywhere, god is in everything." In the oldest religion, everything

was alive, not supernaturally but naturally alive. There were only deeper and deeper streams of life, vibrations of life more and more vast. So rocks were alive, but a mountain had a deeper, vaster life than a rock, and it was much harder for a man to bring his spirit, or his energy, into contact with the life of the mountain, and so draw strength from the mountain, as from a great standing well of life, than it was to come into contact with the rock. And he had to put forth a greater religious effort. For the whole life-effort of man was to get his life into direct contact with the elemental life of the cosmos, mountain-life, cloud-life, thunder-life, air-life, earth-life, sun-life. To come into immediate *felt* contact, and so derive energy, power, and a dark sort of joy. This effort into sheer naked contact, *without an intermediary or mediator*, is the real meaning of religion. And at the sacred races the runners hurled themselves in a terrible cumulative effort, through the air, to come at last into naked contact with the very life of the air, which is the life of the clouds, and so of the rain.

It was a vast and pure religion, without idols or images, even mental ones. It is the oldest religion, a cosmic religion the same for all peoples, not broken up into specific gods or saviours or systems. It is the religion which precedes the god-concept, and is therefore greater and deeper than any god-religion.

And it lingers still, for a little while, in New Mexico: but long enough to have been a revelation to me. And the Indian, however objectionable he may be on occasion, has still some of the strange beauty and pathos of the religion that brought him forth and is now shedding him away into oblivion. When Trinidad, the Indian boy, and I planted corn at the ranch, my soul paused to see his brown hands softly moving the earth over the maize in pure ritual. He was back in his old religious self, and the ages stood still. . . .

But there it is: the newest democracy ousting the oldest religion! And once the oldest religion is ousted, one feels the democracy and all its paraphernalia will collapse, and the oldest religion, which comes down to us from man's prewar days, will start again. The skyscrapers will scatter on the winds like thistledown, and the genuine America, the America of New Mexico, will start on its course again. This is an interregnum.

The Hopi are loyal to a way of life, and perhaps increasingly loyal as a choice of other ways is spread before them. There is hope in the deliberation with which they approach that choice. American life may show new possibilities when expressed with Hopi tenacity, craftsmanship and invincible democracy.

—from *First Penthouse Dwellers of America*, by
Ruth Underhill (New York, J. J. Augustin, 1938).

RITUAL IN THE COMMUNITY

In accounts of ancient community life we find repeated reference to ritual and ceremony. They play especially significant parts in the life of American Indians of our southwestern states. A consideration of the subject may help to an understanding of our theme.

Ritual appears as symbolic action which does not of itself have materially productive value. It is distinguished from the disciplined action of a musician in playing a composition, of a machinist in operating a lathe, or of a farmer plowing a field. These are not ritual, but are art, skill or technology. The sun dance of the Indian, the high mass in the cathedral, and the marriage ceremony, are rituals. Ritual is not doing the day's work but, if it is appropriate and not exaggerated or distorted, may nurture an attitude of mind and spirit in which all the day's work, and all of life, is sacred and full of meaning.

Ritual is far older than man. It is seen in birds, insects, some mammals, and even in fishes. Its use in animals seems to be to regularize and channelize action, to attract attention, and, as in mating, to arouse interest. With men, ritual has these same uses, but in addition another and greater significance. As early men became reflective and philosophical they came to feel that they were parts of something greater than themselves, and they craved to understand it and to be in unity with it. The more intelligent and reflective of them felt a vital relationship to the world about them—to the earth, the sun, the air, and living things. They sought to keep that sensitiveness, and to arouse it in others by appropriate action.

Reflective men of all times have observed human personality and spirit emerging in infancy, moving through the years with hope and aspiration, and then mysteriously disappearing. A sense of mystery and of reverence for this coming and going found expression in ritual; what Durkheim referred to as "rites of passage," including ceremony for birth, adolescence, maturity, marriage and death. Marriage especially has been dignified by ritual as an event which concerns not only the two individuals involved, but the whole of the community. Recognition of the dignity and importance of that action, and of its relation to the whole of the culture, should not be left to chance. Marriage rites in which the whole of the community participates help to orient the two participants and the community to their common destiny and to each other.

In our crude naivete we of European background have assumed that men of seemingly simple culture were not reflective and had no deep philosophy. As our ancestors or their neighbors from the north in over-

running classic Greece burned the marble of priceless statues and temples to make their lime, and used rare paintings for table covers, without realizing that they were destroying anything of value; so the pioneers and missionaries of America in their relations with American Indians sought to destroy their ritual, their culture and their way of life without being aware that they were destroying anything precious. While the significance of the ritual these invaders looked at was clearly understood by those who practiced it, it was the secret possession of the tribe, too important to be passed about among strangers. The few men of European background who had the competence and interest to inform themselves are of the opinion that the philosophies ceremonialized in these rituals deserve the respect and consideration of mankind.

It is to the credit of most of the Indian cultures of our American Southwest that they are largely free from such bizarre excesses and distortions as have characterized much ritual in both simple and sophisticated cultures. With the southwestern Indians life was not divided into unrelated segments, but had a total unity. All the earth, all life, and the whole of the year were sacred, and their ritual covered the full circle of the seasons. That ritual probably occupied a far smaller proportion of the time than Americans give to sports, the theater, comics and entertainment by radio and television. Both theirs and ours are character-defining and culture-defining processes.

For many societies of seemingly simple structure, including those of western American Indians, rituals and the ideas they stand for help to tribal unity, harmony and cohesion. In fact, continuity of community life seems often to depend on them. Often if they are destroyed tribal community life disintegrates. The accounts of John Collier and D. H. Lawrence in this issue indicate how effective they have been in preserving social continuity.

Almost any human virtue becomes an evil if carried to excess or if greatly distorted, and the desire to give effect to our deepest feelings in ritual is no exception. Often in "pagan" religions the sense of awe and reverence for the world and its mysteries was mixed with gross superstition, and in Christianity with a sense of guilt, which called for ritual or sacrificial appeasement. Sometimes ritual has become so greatly elaborated, as with marriage rites in India, as to become one of the greater economic burdens. Frazer's *Golden Bough* records many of the endless forms which exaggerated or thwarting formalism can take.

It is a low order of society which gives no distinctive recognition to the critical events of life—to birth, marriage or death—and in which there is no sense of wonder, of mystery or of significance. Yet nearly every society is made up in part of such insensitive elements. To such persons ritual is but customary formality, to be continued because it always has been, because

it helps to give status, because it helps to keep people under control, or because it is easier to conform than not. Those who value form without significance may add elaboration of ostentation to create impressiveness, as in case of marriage ceremonials in India and sometimes in America, or in case of much present-day American celebration of Christmas, until the whole tends to lose its beauty and significance. Then it may be more in accord with discriminating sensitiveness of the deepest values to dismiss ritual, and to experience wonder, reverence and aspiration without outside forms. It seemingly was in abhorrence of the ostentatious ritual of the day that Jesus is recorded as saying, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy father which is in secret."

In the present day jumble of proliferation of ostentatious ceremony it may be the part of sincerity and sensitiveness to clear away accumulated ritual and to seek for substance without ceremonial form. Yet, when one has observed the sincerity, the dignity, the beauty and the lack of anything cheap and tawdry in an American Indian ritual, and when one observes the degree to which under favorable conditions it is in harmony with the quality of everyday life, the feeling one has toward that particular ritual is of respect and appreciation.

With profound world-wide revolution taking place in human affairs it is probable, and perhaps best, that much ritual, as practiced in ancient cultures and in modern ceremony, shall pass away. "Times make ancient good uncouth." We would not, and should not if we could, go back to primitive life. Yet the values which were sought by unexaggerated and undistorted ritual will be far more necessary than ever. If in the round of the day's work and the day's play there are no windows to the earth, sun and stars; if we cannot find time in the busy round to stop, relax and wonder about our place in the universal pattern; if we do not find time, place and occasion to be aware of our unity with all of the world and life and time; then we live in squalor, whether we are in the mud hut of "underprivileged peoples" or in the imposing and elaborately equipped structures of modernity. In our busy interrelations we cannot leave to chance the occasions for reflection, and orientation to lasting purpose. There will need to be recognized times, places and occasions for considering life and destiny. When we have provided those which meet the needs of our times and of ourselves we will not be concerned whether the term "ritual" applies to them.

Wherever vital community life develops there probably will emerge recognized ways for expressing common experiences, common interests and common aspirations. If the development of these is encouraged without their being forced or exploited or debased or arbitrarily regimented, these common ways will come to express the common life, and to have the values

of community ritual without infringing on creative thought or action, and without inhibiting well considered social change.

Even the most primitive history of man shows us an attempt to get in touch with the essence of reality by artistic creation. Primitive man is not satisfied with the practical function of his tools and weapons, but seeks to adorn and beautify them, transcending their utilitarian function. Aside from art, the most significant way of breaking through the surface of routine and of getting in touch with the ultimate realities of life is to be found in what may be called by the general term of "ritual." I am referring here to ritual in the broad sense of the word, as we find it in the performance of a Greek drama, for instance, and not only to rituals in the narrower religious sense. What was the function of the Greek drama? Fundamental problems of human existence were presented in artistic and dramatic form, and participating in the dramatic performance, the spectator—though not as a spectator in our modern sense of the consumer—was carried away from the sphere of daily routine and was brought in touch with himself as a human being, with the roots of his existence. He touched the ground with his feet, and in this process gained strength by which he was brought back to himself. Whether we think of the Greek drama, the medieval passion play, or the Indian dance, whether we think of Hindu, Jewish or Christian religious rituals, we are dealing with various forms of dramatization of the fundamental problems of human existence, with an *acting out* of the very same problems which are thought out in philosophy and theology. What is left of such dramatization of life in modern culture? Almost nothing.

—ERIC FROMM, *The Sane Society*

Feelings of anger are taboo in Zuni. Exciting another man to anger is not condoned. Old Teddy told me of a villager who had received a heavy fine for calling another man a provocative name. He added that the Zuni language has no words corresponding to white man's profanity. . . .

The Zuni Way of Life contrasts sharply with our Way of Life. Theirs is a mature social order, a well-nigh perfectly integrated, though static, configuration. It evokes cooperative, sharing activities as an integral part of their preoccupation with religious ritual.

We might well join the Zuni in his soliloquy: "God gave to every people a cup, a cup of clay; and from this cup they drank their life. They all dipped in the water but their cups were different. Our cup is not yet broken. Will it pass away?"

—from "The Inter-Action of Man and His Society,"
comments on Zuni culture by L. S. McDaniel
and Ernest McDaniel.

From *The World's Rim*, by Hartly Alexander (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1953):

With the red race what largely replaces the motive of material acquisition is the cult and pursuit of wisdom, both of the body and of the mind. The Indian is eager for personal prowess, which in his understanding is not dissociated with power of thought and order of knowledge. Physical and mental are one, as it were, one breadth of being . . . so that at the core of every potency, whether of muscular skill or of sagacious conduct, there is a single essential force. . . . It is to the quest of this [power] that a great portion of the life career of the Indian was devoted. . . .

[It is the] body of transmitted learning, in part practical instruction, in part tradition, in part song, [dance] and ritual which in sum embodies its wisdom. It is this wisdom . . . which is the treasure of life as the Indian understands it. . . . Often, certainly, underlying the quest of this wisdom there are nobler motives than the mere personal ambition for prestige and power. There are few histories that can show more frequently than does the Indian the rise of prophets whose life is in essence a devotion to the betterment of a people, and the native legend abounds in tales of men who have sought wisdom that their fellows may be benefited. But even apart from these, a main concern of the Indian life is the pursuit of this . . . wisdom, sought as we seek truths of science or philosophy.

The pursuit of wisdom in the Indian's life is intimately associated with the quest of songs. . . . Their music is addressed to the unseen. . . . Songs too are intensely personal.

Our house was never locked. We had no key. We were gone for days or weeks at a time and nothing was ever disturbed. We left cameras, clothes, money in plain sight, even sometimes inadvertently on the beach or in the front yard. They were always there when we returned. We left our open three-wheel scooter on the busy main streets of Papeete filled with groceries and packages for hours at a time. Invariably we had to thread our way back through a crowd of Tahitians who merely babbled and grinned at us in wonder but never touched so much as one finger to property that was not theirs.

We lost items and overpaid money that we never expected to see again, but they always miraculously returned a few days later. . . .

The Tahitians have been exposed to white man's civilization but it simply didn't take. . . . You can't make the Tahitians *want*.

—Norma Lee Browning, "The Truth about Tahiti,"
Travel magazine, January 1956.

WHAT THE PEOPLE OF UNDERDEVELOPED AREAS HAVE TO TEACH US*

by DON ROYER

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We commonly assume that the matter of working with the underdeveloped nations is a one-way street, that we have everything to give them, while they, in return, have little or nothing to give us.

I would like to suggest at least one thing which they have to give us. That contribution is in a field which you might not guess, the field of religion.

In America and western Europe we tend to define religion more narrowly than do many of the peoples of the underdeveloped areas. For instance, we are increasingly separating religion from our daily work, from play, from eating, planting, cultivating and harvesting. Or take our attitude toward nature. We have looked upon nature as something to exploit, to overcome. An attitude of sacred reverence toward nature has not been a part of at least our American tradition.

In short, we have divided life into two spheres, the sacred and the secular. We have said on the one hand that certain things belong to religion, they are sacred; while other things do not, they are secular. The number of things we define as secular is growing, while those we define as sacred is decreasing. It is at this point that these people from the so-called underdeveloped areas—southeast Asia, Africa, our own American Indians—have a contribution to make to us. Many of them tend to see more of life as sacred, and some of them tend to see all life as sacred.

Take this matter of our attitude toward the earth around us—the soil, the resources in the earth, the forests. Out in lower California there is a group of Indians known as the Wintu. The Indians of America are looked upon by most white people as representing the most underdeveloped peoples of our continent. But listen to this statement by an old Wintu woman talking to an anthropologist who was studying the way of life of the Wintu people:

You White people never cared for land or deer or bear. When we Indians kill meat we eat it all up, out of courtesy and respect for the slain animal. When we dig roots, we make little holes in the earth. When we build houses, we make little holes. When we want acorns or pine nuts for food, we shake down the trees, we don't chop them down. For fuel we use

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only dead wood out of respect for nature. But the White people plow up the ground, pull up the trees, kill everything. . . . How can the spirit of the earth like the White man? . . . Everywhere the White man has touched it, it is sore.

Here we get a picture of a people for whom the relationship with the earth is a sacred one, a people who see a certain spiritual worth and dignity in nature.

True, the peoples of the underdeveloped areas do not have a monopoly on this attitude. It seems to be true of many peoples who have lived in intimate relationship with the earth for centuries. The people of eastern Europe seem to display this attitude of reverence for nature more than we do. A few of our Christian philosophers have expressed it too, notably Albert Schweitzer. And there is Kahlil Gibran, contemporary writer and philosopher from the country of Lebanon in the Near East who expressed this feeling of reverence in the following words:

Then an old man said, Speak to us of eating and drinking. And the prophet replied: Since you must kill to eat, and rob the newly born of its mother's milk to quench your thirst, let it then be an act of worship. . . . And let your table stand an altar on which the pure and the innocent of the forest and plain are sacrificed for that which is purer and still more innocent in man.

Returning to the so-called underdeveloped people, let us look at the Maya people who live on the southeastern tip of Mexico in Yucatan. To the Maya, farming is not simply a way of securing food. It is also a way of worshipping the gods. Before a man plants his corn, he builds an altar in the field and prays there. He does not speak boisterously in the field, because it is a sort of temple. The cornfield is planted as an incident in a sacred contract the Maya has with the Spirit of the universe. Man gives his reverence and toil, the Spirit yields the crop.

Or look at the Hopi. As we observed earlier, we tend to see ourselves working to overcome and subjugate nature, the Hopi sees himself in cooperation with it. He sees himself in cooperation with the thunderstorm, the pollen, and the sun. He depends on the corn, but he believes that the corn depends on him too. The corn cannot grow without his help; it finds life dull and lonely without his ceremonials and dances and rituals. So the corn gives itself for his food gladly, and enjoys living with him in his granary. The Hopi has a personal relationship with it. He treats it with respect, and houses it with the care and courtesy accorded an honored guest.

We tend to set aside one day for sacred purposes, and six days for more or less secular purposes. For the Hopi, religion is rarely absent from the details of everyday living. Religious ceremony and ritual consume many of their waking hours. Some time ago an anthropologist had access to a diary

kept by Crow-Wing, a young Hopi man. By far the largest number of entries contained some casual reference to religious activities. But after a few weeks of such entries there was a sequence of four days devoted completely to a ball game between groups of youth of the community, and enjoyed by a large number of spectators. But in the end, the anthropologist discovered that even this four-day-long ball game was a part of the ritual dedicated to the growing crops.

Or take the matter of art among the Hopi. Their outstanding form of art expression is the drama. As in our own dramas there is careful planning, rehearsal, costume making, and organization. But the Hopi actor does one thing that we do not stress. The actor prepares himself as a whole person. That is, during the period of rehearsal for the drama, he abstains from any sexual activity, and from anything involving conflict. He has positive thoughts only, and has refrained from anger, worry, and grief. The drama itself is often an expression of the group's communion with nature. Here, then, there is no division between the sacred and the secular. For the Hopi, drama, religion, and the earth around them are one.

To the Hopi corn is the staff of life, and he develops a sacred relationship with it. To certain African groups the milk from their cattle is their staff of life, and they regard it with reverence. In fact many of the peoples who live in intimacy with the land have this sacred attitude toward the important source of their food, this attitude of reverence for nature. Talk to some of the Displaced Persons in our community if you want to find out what I mean. Last week, when I was talking to the Abele family, Mrs. Abele told me that at home in Latvia when her mother baked bread, with her finger she drew a cross in the loaf, and if while eating the bread, a piece was dropped on the floor, the person who dropped it would pick it up and kiss it out of respect for it. We have somehow lost this attitude toward the food we eat—we get our corn out of tin cans, or in some cases out of bottles, our milk out of cardboard containers, and our bread from which most of the staff of life has been removed, we get out of wax paper.

I repeat that what is true of the Hopi, the Wintu, the Maya, is true to a great degree of most people of the world who have lived close to the land for centuries and centuries. They develop a sacred regard for the earth and its products which we find hard to comprehend.

There are the Arapesh of New Guinea in the South Pacific. When the Arapesh goes to his yam garden, he will first introduce to the spirit of the land, his brother-in-law whom he has brought along to help him with the gardening. The Arapesh conceive of themselves as belonging to the land in the way that the trees of the earth belong to it. They consider themselves trustees of the mother earth, and they cannot conceive of themselves selling their land. This would be a sacrilege. They may pass it on to the children

or to the community, but never do they make a commercial object of it.

In our ruthless uprooting of some of the South Pacific people for our atomic bomb tests on the Bikini atoll, it would have been well to have known that when people who have a sense of intimate belongingness to the land are forced to move away from their homes, they leave a vital part of themselves behind them. They are cut off from the very source of their lives, their personalities, their religion. They are cut off at their roots.

It would help us to understand the Displaced Persons in America better, for instance, if we realized that many of them came from countries in eastern Europe where there was a deep feeling of reverence for the earth and nature, where the religious ceremonies made much more of seed-time and harvest than do ours. Several displaced persons in our community have told me that it was not uncommon for many of their friends, on knowing that they would have to leave their homes, to place in a piece of cloth a handful of soil from their farm, and carry it with them to the Camps and eventually to America. In the event of death of a loved one in a camp, a bit of this earth would be placed on the coffin. [When Greeks in Asia Minor were moved to Greece a generation ago in the exchange of populations, each family took with it a little box of the sacred home earth.—Ed.]

In the Ukraine, I am told, at planting time there is an air of solemnity in the family until the planting is done. There are prayers by the family for the success of the crop, and when the farmer goes to the field to sow his wheat he pauses first to offer a prayer. If a traveler should pass by, instead of saying hello he will call out to the farmer, "God give you good fortune! May he do so!" Or if any member of the family is at work in the field or around the house, and a passerby approaches, the passerby usually has this greeting, "May God help you!"

One of the displaced persons in our community told me that in the spring of 1939, just before the beginning of World War II, she visited with an old woman. During her visit they walked out into the fields together. For a while they stood silent. After a pause the old woman said, "Can you hear the earth mourning? I sometimes can. I could hear it before the Great War, and I can hear it now. It knows that calamity and misery will come, not only for the people but for the earth itself. It senses that blood will flow, people will be killed, the tender grain will be trampled, and that the earth itself will be torn open." Here is an expression of sensitivity to nature which grows out of a reverence for and respect for it. The great Christian leader, Albert Schweitzer, puts what I have been trying to say in these words: "To the man who is truly ethical all life is sacred, and that includes everything in God's creation."

This, then, is one thing that some other peoples in our world have to teach us.

WAS THE AMERICAN "MELTING POT" A MISCONCEPTION?

by ARTHUR E. MORGAN

"From many lands and wide apart" men and women came to America to find freedom and opportunity. With few exceptions, they have lost the peculiar characteristics of the home land, and have become standard "Americans." Looking over a group of college students at a football game, in their classes, or at home, aside from differences of color of hair, eyes or skin, and perhaps of facial features or of stature, even an ethnologist has difficulty in distinguishing characteristics of national or racial origin. They dress alike, speak alike, act alike, and have very similar interests. The "melting pot" has done its work. It was necessary that America become one nation, and not a new Balkans or an unintegrated miscellany of people. But a fundamental concept in the founding of our country was unity *and* diversity—*e pluribus unum*. To keep the two aspects of this formula in balance has been our challenge. Neither unity nor diversity alone will suffice. In the long effort to destroy distinctive Indian culture and in the present trend toward flat uniformity the drive toward unity has overweighted a wholesome balance, and is losing the life-giving wealth of diversity.

What if it had been otherwise? What if people had continued their old-world local cultures in the new land? What if, while they were becoming Americans, newcomers to this country had preserved their cultural diversity, with the result that America had become a vast multicolored, bilingual, cultural pattern, so that in traveling over the country one might visit modified but persistent reproductions of the cultures of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Germany, France, Bohemia, Slovakia, Poland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Iceland, Finland, Russia, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Hungary, Rumania, and countries further south and east? Would America have been more or less interesting, more or less creative, more or less culturally rich?

On the whole we can only speculate on what the difference might have been. Even speculation on the subject is difficult for a people so completely convinced of having taken the right course.

There are a few exceptions to the universality of the melting pot. As described elsewhere in this issue, the indigenous Indian population, while in general eager to make what seemed to be adjustment to modern ways, in the face of sustained and ruthless pressure in efforts to destroy their cultures, have refused to "melt." Nor are they the only ones. Here and there

are small cultural groups which have persisted in keeping their cultural identity. Though generally these represent the "lower" and less literate classes from the home lands, they have been able to define and to state their distinctive ways of life, and to sustain them.

Concerning one such group, the Hutterites, a thoroughgoing study has recently been made. This was financed by the National Institute of Mental Health of the U.S. Public Health Service, directed from Wayne University, with a staff including a sociologist, a psychiatrist, a clinical psychologist, and a few others. The primary aim of the study was to learn how the mental health of a closely integrated small society would compare with that of the general population, yet it threw much light on other traits of this religious-cultural group. The survey was reported in the *American Sociological Review* for June 1951, and in the leading article of the *Scientific American* for December 1954. Some of the following information was taken from *The Hutterian Brethren*, by John Horsch (Mennonite Historical Society, 1931).

The Hutterites are a small, communal, religious sect, now making up 98 small-community hamlets in North and South Dakota, Montana, Manitoba and Alberta. They originated in the Anabaptist movement which began in 1527 in Switzerland and the surrounding countries. Persecuted by both Lutherans and Roman Catholics, driven from country to country through two centuries, imprisoned, murdered and almost annihilated, in 1770 about a hundred of these pacifist, inoffensive people barely escaped through the forests to Russia. A century later, between 1874 and 1879, again under duress because of their pacifism, the group, then numbering about 300, migrated to South Dakota. As their numbers increased they established additional groups of about a hundred each. In 1950 they numbered 8542 persons. During a period when the United States population multiplied three times, with immigration accounting for a substantial part of the increase, the Hutterites multiplied twenty-eight times, almost solely by the internal birth rate.

The Hutterites differ from most Americans in that they are pacifists, practice very simple living, and live communally. The members of a community eat together, and their property is owned in common. A community is governed by a preacher, who looks after spiritual matters, a *Wirt* or head man, who manages economic affairs, and (usually five) elders. These are chosen for life by the adult male members of the community, though if unsatisfactory they can be removed. The internal local government is rather firm and patriarchal. The head man handles all the money, has the keys to the storehouses, and arranges and generally directs all work. No money circulates in the community.

From the standpoint of mental health the study found that the Hutterites are not wholly free from difficulty, though such of those as result

from syphilis, alcoholism, and drug addiction are entirely absent. *The Scientific American* article states:

The 55 outside doctors patronized by these people said they showed fewer psychosomatic and nervous symptoms than their neighbors of other faiths. But this appearance of unusual mental health did not stand the test of an intensive screening of the inhabitants, carried out colony by colony. Among the 8,542 Hutterites we discovered a total of 199 (one in 43) who either had active symptoms of a mental disorder or had recovered from such an illness. It is probable that the psychosis rate is actually low compared with that in other populations. It seems to be only one third as high as the rate in New York State, for instance, taking into consideration the common estimate that . . . there is at least one undetected psychotic person for every one in an institution. [The Hutterite population, in contrast, was thoroughly screened.] . . . Four fifths of the 69 discovered neurotics were female. . . .

In contrast to many other orthodox Christians, the Hutterites are intensely religious, and the doctrines preached to them are much thought over. They are taught that "all our works, insofar as they are our own, are nothing but sin and unrighteousness." Constant dwelling on such doctrine might bring about depression. But for that one tendency, mental health among the Hutterites seems to be exceptionally good.

The Hutterites deal considerably with mental illness. When it appears "they show support and love for the patient," who is looked after by the immediate family. Stresses are kept to a minimum "by the patience and tolerance with which most Hutterites regard these conditions." The percentage of recovery was high.

Uniformity of environment has not erased individuality:

Differences in genetic, organic and psychological factors seem to be sufficiently powerful to produce an infinite variety of behavior, even in a social order as rigid as this one. It appears that the nightmare of uniformity sketched in George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four* is actually unachievable in a living society. At least our study in depth disclosed no simple standardization of personality structure among Hutterites.

There is considerable objective evidence that the great majority of Hutterites have a high level of psychological adjustment. Their misfortunes and accidents are alleviated greatly by the group's system of mutual aid. The sick, the aged, the widows and orphans are well taken care of. In the last three decades only about 100 persons (most of them male) have left the community permanently.

The *American Sociological Review*, in summing up its study, states:

Many members of American minority groups have become marginal and disorganized when caught in a culture conflict. Immigrants lost confidence in their ancestral culture. Their children tend to reject the old-

fashioned practices in which their parents no longer believe, but to which they adhere for lack of alternative. They become what Stonequist calls *marginal men*—people without secure roots or values. The high rates of crime, delinquency, prostitution, venereal disease, and other indices of social disorganization commonly found in this marginal second generation of immigrant groups, can be viewed as a social price of their rapid assimilation, without much in-group support.

No such pronounced tendency of individual demoralization was observed among the Hutterites. Hutterites are generally self-confident about their group membership. There are few signs of self-hatred and the sense of deep personal inferiority commonly found among assimilationist Jews, who feel ambivalent about their relationship to the Jewish group.

The factors responsible for this phenomenon are no doubt numerous and are beyond the scope of this paper, but controlled acculturation is one of them. [The paper previously described the way in which the Hutterites made gradual adjustments (controlled acculturation) to those elements of the changing American culture which they could approve.] This controlled process of adjustment to social change gives group support to the Hutterite individual who must adjust his way of life within the conflict of his own 16th century Anabaptist peasant traditions and the twentieth century American values of his environment. Hutterites are making the adjustment, both as a total culture and as individuals, while maintaining a considerable measure of functional adequacy and self-respect.

Here then is the alternative to the "melting pot," as that has operated in most of America. In the aggregate there have been many cultural groups from abroad which, with full loyalty to their new homes, in some marked degree have resisted the "melting pot," and have maintained cultural continuity to the past. On the whole they have been bright spots in our culture. The Hutterites have been extremely orthodox and evangelical. At the other extreme is the community of religiously indifferent Czech farmers in Oklahoma, described in the Bulletin of the Oklahoma A and M College, June 1942, and reviewed in *Community Service News* for March-April 1944. The following is quoted from that review:

With the opening of Oklahoma in 1891, the lands described were settled by the Czechs and by their American neighbors at the same time, under the same conditions. The land cultivated by these Czech farmers and their neighbors is rugged and subject to erosion, and has poor soil, with extreme variations of rainfall.

From 1920 to 1930 the population loss among the Czechs was 1.2%, among their neighbors 20%. Of the Czech group 3.7% were on WPA [relief] employment, of their American neighbors 26.6%.

Czech farm owners have averaged living on the same farm 27.5 years; their neighbors about 17 years. Czech tenants average 11.5 years on one

farm; their American neighbors about 6 years. A larger proportion of the Czechs had hogs and chickens, with more animals per farm than their American neighbors. Two thirds of the Czech farm buildings were in good condition, as against a quarter of those belonging to their American neighbors. Four times as large a proportion of American farmers were living in "shanty" type houses, and four or five times as large a percentage of the Americans' homes were unpainted, and had untidy grounds. Twice as large a percentage of the Czechs had water in their houses, and had telephones. Four times as many Czechs belonged to some organizations. With the Americans, church membership was almost the sole association; with the Czechs a general, non-religious cultural association was dominant. "The Czechs are invariably well educated." Many other similar comparisons are cited.

Among the conclusions stated in the bulletin are the following:

"The present differences in the material aspects of stability between the Czech and native American groups are differences they have created themselves by their own actions over a half-century of time."

"Perhaps foremost among these ['broader groupings of ideas and attitudes which are the more significant elements in the Czech approach to agriculture'] is the Czech attitude toward the group as such. Social activities among the Czechs are on a group, rather than on a special-interest basis. The result is that there has developed in the individual a sense of belonging, a pride in the group and its tenets which is very strong. Just as in the agricultural village of Bohemia or Moravia the Czech felt that he was an important part of a close primary group, so in Lincoln County the same group pride and spirit have been developed through the social agencies the Czechs set up there to fulfill the functions of the villages. As a member of such an active group, the individual not only has group pride but individual pride also, inasmuch as he feels that his individual activities play a part in group reputation and accomplishments.

"Such group spirit vitalizes group tenets. These are constantly reaffirmed through group contacts and strengthened through the social approval by the group of individual adherence to them. Probably the greatest lack among the native American farmers of Lincoln County is some such unifying motivating force as this.

"Among the Czechs . . . respect for the land as the productive element in agriculture is shown in the almost uniform group effort to maintain its productivity by the techniques with which group members are familiar, or new ones as they become known. . . . The reason these practices are so widely carried on by group members is not because these people are inherently better farmers than the native Americans, but because care of the land is a group tenet. The adoption of terracing as a group practice when this new technique of soil preservation became known is a proof that it is care of the land as a general belief, rather than specific inherited methods

of maintaining it (such as crop rotation) which is the motivating group force in Czech relationships with the land."

Here the survival of the ancient culture did not menace identification with the new home land, nor did it prevent acceptance of modern technology. (The same is true of the Hutterites, whose farms are highly mechanized.)

A strikingly different situation is that of "Chinatown" in New York City. Americans are certain, of course, that it is the Christian pattern of life which has maintained our culture. Yet in Chinatown we have a largely Confucian pattern, in which respect for family and primary-group community is strong. Judge Samuel Leibowitz, in discussing the problem of delinquency in New York City, said:

For example, take Chinatown in the city of New York. It is still a community. Chinatown has the lowest crime rate in the entire city. Why? Because it is still a neighborhood where neighbor knows neighbor.

To multiply cases would be to exceed the reasonable bounds of this article. We might point to the Swiss settlement in Franklin County, Tennessee, or the German settlements which have stood out as bright spots of prosperity in northern Alabama, or the Waldensian community in western North Carolina, or any one of numerous others. In most cases these rise above the surrounding general American culture in their law-abiding character, in their material prosperity, and in acceptance of technical advances. A departure from such technical acceptance is that of the Amish of Ohio and Pennsylvania, who do not use automotive equipment, and who do not have electricity in their homes. Yet they are the most prosperous farmers in their regions, and steadily spread by purchasing adjoining farms at whatever price it is necessary to pay. In considerable degree the Mennonites provide another example.

In general, most of those immigrant groups that have resisted the "melting pot," and have persisted in keeping their ancient small face-to-face community cultures, have had far lower crime and delinquency rates than the general population, have been economically prosperous, have been no less loyal to their new country, and have provided for their members a sense of cultural continuity and of personal and social security. In reference to the American Indians, John Collier wrote:

Is there an ideology behind the present Administration's drive against Indian social life? The ideology or prepossession seems to be, merely, that cultural and social distinctiveness is offensive, and is contrary to the American way; an extreme oversimplification of the American melting-pot hypothesis or stereotype.

That stereotype has become a typical American form of intolerance. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, we want everyone to be alike. As we become alike in appearance, there is a tendency for pressure to develop for us to be intolerant of other differences. From all over America we hear that it is bad form for a high school boy or girl to stand above their peers in scholarship. A person with ethical standards more discriminating than those of his associates feels compelled to describe them as idiosyncrasies (it being proper in the American pattern to have idiosyncrasies). In common parlance an intellectual, educated person is an "egghead," an absurd variant from the prevailing flat mediocrity.

From a domestic standpoint the "melting pot" concept is serious enough. But we do not stop there. We wish to put all the world into our melting pot. In our cockier days of a decade ago it was popular to speak of "the American century." Now we are beginning to be disturbed. We pour our billions into other lands to do them good, that is, to help them to acquire the American way of life, but in the process we find ourselves, who had been the hope of the world and the most highly respected of nations, rapidly becoming the most feared and disliked. The fierce and holy zeal with which we have long determined to destroy our native Indian cultures and to force "the American way" upon them, has been more mildly exercised in our contacts overseas, yet it is present, and we are paying a high price for it.

There are values in many old small-community cultures which Americans have so nearly lost that we are not aware of their existence. Would it not be highly desirable for us to become sensitive to those values, to encourage their survival, and to endeavor to recapture the best of them for our own way of life?

THE VOICE THAT BEAUTIFIES THE LAND (*Navaho Indian Poem*)

The voice that beautifies the land!
The voice above,
The voice of the thunder,
Among the dark clouds
Again and again it sounds,
The voice that beautifies the land!

The voice that beautifies the land!
The voice below,
The voice of the grasshopper,
Among the flowers and grasses
Again and again it sounds,
The voice that beautifies the land!

—Washington Matthews, tr. (From *An Anthology of World Poetry*, Mark Van Doren, ed.; New York, Boni, 1928.)

THE CONTINUING DILEMMA

CONCLUDING COMMENTS BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN AND GRISCOM MORGAN

The Yankee poet, Robert Frost, knows the community life of old New Hampshire, and he knew also the restless, transient urge of the metropolis. The following is from his poem "New Hampshire."

Lately in converse with a New York alec
About the new school of the pseudo-phallic,
I found myself in a close corner where
I had to make an almost funny choice.
"Choose you which you will be—a prude, or puke,
Mewling and puking in the public arms." . .

It seems a narrow choice the age insists on.
How about being a good Greek, for instance?
That course, they tell me, isn't offered this year.
"Come, but this isn't choosing—puke or prude?"

We are no longer obsessed with the banalities of the nineteen-twenties, during which Frost wrote this satire. But the underlying enslavement and obsession by a dangerously narrow outlook on life remains with us. Are we to be bound—and to bind others—to an ephemeral but currently dominant culture, or can we be free, can we exert ourselves to be free to live in the more enduring perspective of human civilization?

There were no outward laws in the nineteen-twenties requiring young people to choose to be "either prude or puke." Today there are no outward laws requiring us to relinquish our lives to huge impersonal organizations, to worship of dollar, degree, gadget and conformity.

Peoples who relinquish the control of their day-to-day lives from the more fundamental values and standards to those that are more superficial are thereby relinquishing their own integrity and opportunity for progress, and are on the broad path of decline. Straight is the path and narrow the way for each person and group which would progress.

Matthew Arnold defined the function of criticism as to make current the best that is thought and known—and, we would add, the best that is *lived*. For progress, creative advance, does not occur spontaneously, but with the momentum of contact with past accomplishment. What is known will be adopted and used, just as industry makes use of available knowledge and technology in developing new processes. It is on the basis of knowing

the best which has existed that we can do the best, and make the most stable and enduring progress.

But the best in the nineteen-twenties was not to be either a prude or a puke, however the popular taste seemed then to limit the choice. Nor today is the best confined within the dominant trends of our television, university and literary culture. Large areas of life values are starved or lost sight of by the dominant urbanized cultures of both East and West, even as they were in ancient Babylon, Egypt and Rome. The excellencies of ancient Israel, early Greece and pre-industrial Britain have their counterparts today in existing societies over the world. Viewed in the light of quality of living, such peoples as the Hunzas, Pueblos, Burmese and Eskimos cease to be museum curiosities and become outstanding examples of high quality for emulation in certain aspects of their ways of living. Moreover, if these cultures are appreciated and emulated, they thereby gain in self-respect and in their power to maintain their own good.

The stable personalities, the spontaneous participative creativity, the joy and happiness and harmony, of the Hunzas, Pueblo Indians, Eskimos, and many others, are critically needed today. They can be achieved by those who cherish such values sufficiently highly and work together to achieve them. But the necessary price must be paid for this. He who has not mastered a craving for the prestige of another car, another degree, or a higher income, sacrifices the greater value. He who cannot abide living in ordered fellowship with pioneers will find his children stereotyped in the order of the day.

We have then a twofold problem in making possible progressive departures in human living. One is the problem of criticism, to have available and to know the best in ways of living that are now practised. The other is the creative task of building a better way of life individually and in communities having commitment to do so. What has been done elsewhere is both suggestive, as are houses and house plans to one undertaking to plan and build his own house, and contagious, as fine quality in one social group infects others with the same quality. The creative task that lies before us is to build new out of the proved and best elements of the old. Creativity must be free from the fetters of the past, yet the materials it must build with come from the past.

It is easy to over-idealize primitive society. Some of the "starry-eyed" friends of the American Indian have done so. The inner harmony of a primitive small community may be secured, in part, at a price which the modern world does well not to pay. The intensive identification of the individual with the community may go so far that outside the group the individual cannot stand alone. We are familiar with the disintegration of personality which sometimes takes place when an individual is removed

from his group.

This was evident in Minnesota during the earlier days when the state was being settled, largely by immigrants from Central and Eastern Europe. In the tightly knit, old-type village, reproduced in Minnesota, ethical standards would be high and there would be a large degree of mutual confidence and cooperation. When individuals from the less organic and less disciplined in these villages moved to town where they did not have community support, and where economic aggressiveness and personal indulgence were common, breakdown of character was frequent. Among families of English descent, where there had been more freedom of action and individual self-direction, character tended more to be an individual, rather than a community, matter.

People familiar with the American Indian know of the shiftless loafers around the Indian agencies, waiting for the semiannual allowance from the government, and they know how that allowance commonly was spent in a few days, perhaps for drink, in gambling, or for the white man's gewgaws, whereupon there would be a long period of loafing in poverty until the next government allotment was due. By destruction of hope and purpose, by alienating the Indian from his native culture, and by treating Indians as incompetent mendicants, rather than persons who must rely on their own initiative, the government in some cases was able to reduce independent, self-reliant people to economic and spiritual disintegration. Throughout the west it was by this condition of disintegration that the Indian came to be judged and despised.

The problem of society is not to reproduce a condition of such complete integration and dependence that the individual cannot stand alone, but rather, to preserve the organic unity, the soul of the community, while also developing capacity for independent thought and self-direction, and ability to stand alone against mass opinion, even against the mass of one's own community. This is not impossible even in closely knit small communities. Quite generally the limitation of the community horizon has been due, not to inability of the community member to stand alone, but to the lack of any picture of life different from his own. The alacrity with which the Indian culture adopted the horse when it was brought from Europe, is a case in point. With today's near universal communication, intimate and close-knit community need not mean isolation or loss of individuality.

The future, what is that to her
Who vaunts she's no inheritor?

—HERMAN MELVILLE

REVIEWS

Exploring the Small Community, by Otto G. Hoiberg (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1955, 199 pages, \$3.50).

As Coordinator of Community Service for the University of Nebraska, for seven years Mr. Hoiberg has been working among the small communities of that state, dealing with their actual problems. Out of that experience and from his earlier work in folk schools, he has written this book.

It is pre-eminently a book for the people of small communities. It is not written over their heads. It deals with problems and issues they have been struggling with. The many cases and illustrations are in the familiar language and setting of the midwest small community. Most of the areas of small community development are discussed and brought to a focus of attention which the average community dweller does not achieve without such pertinent suggestion. It is a good first book for community members to read in the process of arousing intelligent interest in community problems and possibilities. Otto Hoiberg's integrity of spirit and directness of approach to the needs of community people are a refreshing and valuable addition to community literature.

Mental Hygiene in Public Health, by Paul V. Lemkau (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1955, 486 pages, second edition, \$8.00).

Health, Culture and Community, Benjamin D. Paul, editor (New York: Russell Sage Foundation, 1955, 493 pages, \$5.00).

Community Health Action, by Paul A. Miller (East Lansing: Michigan State College Press, 1953, 193 pages, \$3.00).

There is very little duplication of subject matter in these three books. It is interesting that the three treatments of somewhat similar subjects could have so little in common, and yet could leave so much territory to be covered by yet other treatments.

Only recently has mental health come to be seen as a legitimate part of the general field of public health. *Mental Hygiene in Public Health* is aimed at treating public health from that point of view. However, it comes closer to being a general survey of the field of mental health, including both its individual and its public aspects. The language is clear, idiomatic and generally nontechnical. A reasonably well informed layman can read the whole without difficulty.

This reviewer, when serving as a consulting engineer, often would approach a job with trepidation, knowing that he would be passing on

plans made by specialists who in many cases were far more competent than he in their several fields. Then repeatedly he would find that the shortcomings of the plans would lie, not in the domain of high specialization, but in the general over-all concepts and in achieving good relations between the widely varying elements. Similarly, this book will not disclose any newly discovered technical information in the field. Even as a layman the reviewer finds scarcely any statements which would lead him to say, "Ah! This is new." The value of the book lies in its bringing the entire field under review, and in expressing a sane sense of proportion. A person reading it would tend to be immunized against prevailing obsessions and warps of emphasis. This quality of reasonableness, sanity and sense of proportion is one of the chief values of the book.

A brief discussion of the field of mental hygiene introduces a short discussion of public health responsibility in the field, and of the techniques, methods and policies of organization. Then there are descriptions of factors relating to mental health throughout the span of life, beginning with elements of heredity and then following the life cycle through the prenatal period, infancy, childhood, mature life and old age.

Throughout the whole there is an attitude of objective appraisal, yet with a tone of optimism, as though the author had learned by experience that perhaps the greatest therapeutic agent is hope. This attitude is conspicuous in the chapter on eugenics. We read, for instance:

Medical geneticists have usually concerned themselves with the defects, error and accidents that appear in human development. This is only because nature is generally highly efficient and things usually turn out well. Transmitted defects are the rarity and attract attention, whereas cases reproducing within the range of normal are accepted without question.

It has been the reviewer's impression that nearly every person carried genetic defects which markedly limit full, well-proportioned development. Perhaps the issue lies in the definition of what is "normal."

The concluding comments on community health are interesting:

The concept of social medicine is, in the minds of most leaders in the field, still at the level of interpreting the effect of the larger community and its patterns of living upon the individual. On the other hand there is evidence of a tendency for medicine to escape this merely interpretative function and to attempt to study the community as a patient would be studied, to attempt to diagnose the presumably sick community. . . . The individual is an integrate made up of billions of cells; is it not conceivable that the community is a sort of colony of "cells" each of which is an integral human being? And, if so, is it not proper to speak of the community in health and disease? . . . It is inviting to dwell on this concept of the "treatment" of the community as a medical or public health issue, but most highly organized

cultures do not allow the physician and his helpers this right. Earlier and primitive cultures, in which healing and religion were combined, and controlled all the activities of the group, did grant the physician the role of priest and governor.

At present the sociologist is somewhat inclined to try to fill this vacant post of community physician, but his credentials have not yet been fully accepted by society at large.

An appendix includes a "review of psychological states," and each chapter is followed by a bibliography, mostly of popular or semipopular titles.

The book *Health, Culture and Community* is an assemblage of sixteen accounts of as many projects for community betterment in Canada, the United States, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Guatamala, Brazil, Peru, Chile, Africa, India, Thailand, China, and the Island of Yap. A common pattern runs through nearly all these accounts. Academically and professionally trained staffs, varying in composition, but among them including sociologists, psychologists, medical doctors and anthropologists, supported by philanthropic foundations or by UNESCO or by some other public agency, would enter a community, in a few cases to study it, but generally to change its ways of life and to do it good.

Another common pattern runs through these experiments. It is the implicit conviction that the essential resources for making the desired changes are adequate financial resources and competent professional specialists. Sometimes in the interest of professional competence a certain amount of deceit was necessary to gain entree without disclosing the real purposes. Sometimes in reviewing the incomplete success of the undertaking it is pointed out that make-believe should have been more understanding and subtle in order to avoid conflict with the taboos and superstitions met with.

Still another common element in these varied undertakings was the fact that almost inevitably the undertakings aroused suspicion and antagonism. In some cases this was partially allayed by astute and skillful administration. In some cases a limited degree of success was achieved for an undertaking; in other cases the results were almost entirely negative, as in a Western Canadian town, where a staff was welcomed by the reasonably intelligent population, but where suspicion and resentment grew until the project was expelled from the community in a general spirit of bitter resentment.

The editor of the collection of reports believes he has put his finger on the general weakness of these various programs. The projects were undertaken with inadequate understanding of the nature of the communities involved. In one of the projects a cultural anthropologist was brought in.

and as a result of his better understanding of primitive folkways certain social obstacles were overcome. The inference of the editor's introductory discussion is that the distribution of technical competence in some of the projects was imperfect. If only there had been an adequate supply of cultural anthropologists, who understood the mores of the communities involved, the projects might have had much greater success.

It would have been interesting to include one other community experiment, that of Albert Schweitzer in West Africa. We have not heard rumblings of revolt, or of efforts of the natives to expel him from the region. However, this case would have been improper to include in the series, because it was not directed by a staff of professionally trained and competent social scientists.

There is one general criticism of the pervading social scientist attitude which has so generally prevailed in these varied and far-flung projects that we may assume it to be generic to the system. We hesitate to quote this criticism because it was not a competent, professionally trained social scientist who made it. Yet we take that risk, though I do not find the quotation in current textbooks on sociology. This man wrote:

Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing. . . . Love suffereth long, and is kind. . . . Love never faileth.

This man also had a very practical, worldly-wise turn. As though speaking to social scientists and calling for the help of social anthropologists, he adds:

Except ye utter by the tongue words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? . . . How shall he that occupyeth the room of the unlearned say "Amen," seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest. Therefore let him that speaketh in an unknown tongue pray that he may interpret. . . . But if there be no interpreter, let him keep silence.

I am actually puzzled about this book. Is it possible that the editor, as he compiled it, had an unannounced purpose? Did he aim, with an appearance of innocence, to draw attention to the process by which America is pouring vast quantities of money and large staffs of professional specialists into the various corners of the world, with the naive conviction that money and technical competence are the coin with which to buy progress and good will? Did the editor wish to illustrate in detail how the spending of these vast sums, and the assignment of academically qualified professional staffs, has coincided with the growing suspicion, resentment and antagonism toward the United States? Fortunately, there often has been human quality as well as professional competence (and professional competence to guide good will) on many of these staffs, with the result that the outcome is not always negative.

Too commonly, however, the community as such scarcely exists when viewed from the standpoint of the specialties and professions. The economist, educator, minister, government official, social service worker, recreation specialist, and industrialist each conceives of community in terms of his own field, and the living community as a whole tends to be lost from sight or recognition. For this reason when the specialist, or a team of specialists, goes into the community to study or to influence it, they too generally violate, disrupt or upset it. The resort to indirection, subterfuge, concealment of purpose, and deceit, that marks the work of so many agencies, is an unethical and harmful consequence of this approach. The true community is one of the places where all of reality is integrated and oriented to a whole, as is so clearly the case with the individual. The economist's economic man has been a dangerous abstraction. So is the economist's view of the community. The community is one of the fundamental units of economic life, but its economics is conditioned by and subordinated to its whole being. So is it with regard to education, religion, recreation and culture. We can only understand each of these from the standpoint of the community, and so each field is modified in ways that it alone cannot achieve, or that many fields together will fail at. For the community is more than an assembly of parts—it is a living whole.

The somewhat standard practice of social science technology tends to abstract and to isolate for attention a few factors from the total community situation, and may, if there is undue emphasis on them, distort the total outlook. For instance, the effort to give sole attention to mental health in a Canadian community so exaggerated the community attention to that particular element as to create an unwholesome atmosphere. It would seem to have been a natural and wholesome reaction of this community to want to expel the whole undertaking, so that there could be a return to a normal balance of interests. Would it have called for an unusual quality of imagination to foresee this result? Such imagination frequently is inhibited by concentrated attention on professional specialization.

This book undertakes to give a number of views of the habits and thought patterns of communities in various parts of the world. Perhaps it can serve also to illustrate the somewhat standardized working of the professional social scientist in contact with communities under a wide range of conditions. Perhaps the case of Albert Schweitzer may be considered a control experiment to indicate what may happen where those standard professional controls are absent. For both these reasons it is well that the book was written. It should be read by persons who are planning for training in the social sciences, and by those who are policy makers or in administrative positions relating to community development.

Community Health Action might appropriately have been named, *How to Finance and Build a Hospital*. It is based on 218 successful community efforts to secure hospitals. "The study would have an emphasis on community rather than health." The discussions of methods and strategy are "down to earth," ignoring no factors which actually are pertinent to arousing and organizing community interest, overcoming obstacles and securing support. The very practical considerations which are dealt with are illustrated by the following quotations:

That *skill with symbols* is not forgotten by the community-at-large is indicated by the illustrative comments given in one hospital project:

"I can hardly believe that it happened to us—we were caught in the midst of a great revival meeting." "I'll never forget how we used to sing before we started our campaign meetings." "As I look back at it now, I was so much in favor of the hospital that if I had been pressed I would have deeded over my house to them" (the leaders, among them a professional fund-raiser). . . .

The major operation by which the deployment occurs is that of *strategy*, which is a plan to acquire or neutralize those sources and proficiencies possessed by others than active participants in the community activity. . . .

"In one hospital project the initiating leaders happened to be excluded from the large landowners of the county, a prevailing group which not only controlled the votes of the county but also possessed extensive influence in county affairs. . . . The resulting strategy was that of getting the landowners committed in the public eye, thus making them appear as a part of the sponsoring group."

Throughout the book there is worldly-wise counsel for those who may be engaged in raising hospital funds. The study is well organized, and apparently no element of planning is overlooked. The discussion of leadership is pertinent:

Most striking in the 218 projects was the uniformity of leadership. Throughout the small towns of America, this leadership was provided by the men who manage the stores and shops and banks along Main Street. Although farm people and their organizations were indispensable, the hospital turned out to be the major concern of the businessman. The hospital was dollars and cents, budgets, architects, accounting ledgers, and financial agreements. It was not welfare, nor was it only civic responsibility for the sake of making the community a better place in which to live. It was trips to the state capitol and arguments with the county Board of Supervisors. The hospital was not like the easy agreements of doing good for one's home town. It was "sticking one's neck out." The people who did so were, for the most part, neither farmers, social workers, nor doctors. They were the people who knew about dollars and banks and bookkeeping. They were

the people who knew about the wealth of the community and, for the most part, possessed it.

The methods which are described are those which were found to work.

About half of the 218 projects obtained sufficient funds after one campaign. However, 24% required two campaigns and 10% required three.

Describing a campaign in "Noreast County," the account tells:

But, as many people in Noreast implied, more than influence is required in getting dollars out of pockets into the hospital building fund. This is where the top influence agent of all entered the process. The professional fund-raiser, with proficiency as an asset, added the formula which the Noreast instance required. The formula was a compact package of organization, emotion, slogans, work, committees, and brevity. . . . Slogans, appeals, poetry, and admonishment all called forth the pride in one's own home town. The result of the formula was a new hospital in Noreast.

We have quoted enough, yet, with such a profusion of blooms in the garden, it is difficult to stop gathering them. So we yield once more:

Since the short life cycle of the campaign organization depended on the identification of its workers, certain symbols were devised to give the worker a feeling of importance in the activity and, also to provide the rules by which he might relate himself to fellow workers. The following excerpt is taken from one of many pamphlets designed for this purpose: "As a sales representative of the cause, take inventory of yourself first. . . . A good salesman must have pep. . . . The world loves pep and is instantly drawn to anyone who has it. . . . Pep brings prestige, power, and perhaps most important—money . . . money . . . money for a new hospital." "Talk . . . think . . . and act with pep." "No matter what gems of wisdom—what pearls of information may exist inside that brain of yours—they are all likely to be wasted unless you dispense them with pep. . . . Pep is a religion . . . an ideal . . . and in actual practice, a powerful hypodermic." "Just to dwell on a good example of pep is to generate pep within yourself at once."

Small wonder that one informant exclaimed: "This was the greatest set of revival meetings any community ever had. Some of us have never been able to match the enthusiasm gained at that time."

The book is far too modest in its claims. Where is there a better guide for the Republican and Democratic National Committees? Is not this "Americanism" in essence? How far, far behind us are the Eskimos and the Burmese villagers described elsewhere in this issue. No wonder they have not been able to keep up with American civilization!

Social Science in Medicine, by Lea W. Simmons and Harold G. Wolff (Russell Sage Foundation), is offered as part of a "program for the improvement of the utilization of research in the social sciences in professional practice." It is announced as a result of a two-year exploratory project at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center "to study opportunities for closer participation between personnel in the social science and medical fields." The book is "addressed primarily to students in medicine and the social sciences interested in training for research in these related areas."

Anyone who has observed the trend of medicine for the past few generations is aware of the increasing specialization in all departments and the associated loss of the intimate understanding of the patient as a sick person. The improvement in the knowledge of diseases has been dramatic while the understanding of the subtleties of human ecology has lagged. In consequence the modern physician is widely, and frequently justly, accused of a lack of understanding of and sympathy for his patients which goes far to nullify his admitted technical prowess. Any effort to correct this imbalance is welcome, and the Russell Sage Foundation deserves praise for subsidizing studies in this field, which has been neglected. This book reviews the fields of medicine and of sociology and of the effects on the individual of the pressures of society, as they may cause or prevent, improve or worsen his diseases. One specific problem, the hospital and its effects on both patient and healer, is discussed briefly.

Unfortunately the interested reader is soon mired in the slow current of awkward jargon which seems inseparable from much sociologic writing. One truism follows another, and is usually repeated several times. The discussion hardly ever departs from broad generalities, and these departures are never profound. The student to whom this book is addressed seems likely to find little to stimulate him in the 200 pages of text and much to dull his interest. Forty-five pages of bibliography are presumably added to prove to its sponsors that the book required much study; they serve no other useful purpose. If condensed to 20 pages and translated into comprehensible English this book could serve as introduction to the results of future study in this important field.

—E. R. OHLE, M.D.

Guide to Community Action: A Sourcebook for Citizen Volunteers, by Mark S. Matthews (New York, Harper, 1954, 434 pages, \$4.00).

There are two distinct parts to this book, the text, and a directory of sources. The latter is the most inclusive directory we have seen of sources of assistance, advice, publications, films, etc., under twenty-one headings, such as membership, public relations, community arts, sports and recreation, health, religion, Americanism, labor-management relations and national

security. As a directory of addresses and as a source of suggestions as to where to turn for help, the book may well have a place in the reference shelf.

As to the text of the book, one is reminded of "The Complete Letter Writer" which would instruct the reader just how to write a letter of proposal of marriage or of condolence or for any other purpose, especially useful when one's imagination is on vacation. The suggestions are very down-to-earth and explicit.

The purpose of the book is indicated in the first paragraph, "Most community organizations are concerned with securing and maintaining an adequate active membership; developing capable officers and committeemen and building an efficient administrative structure." The purposes of organization are not the subject of the book.

To illustrate the "down-to-earth" character of the advice, under maintenance of membership we read:

Competition may stimulate attendance. . . . Sometimes organizations impose a humorous forfeit for tardiness or successive absences. . . . Attendance may also be stimulated by recognizing perfect attendance records as worth-while achievements. . . .

Mark the occasion of a member's securing a new job or a promotion, his engagement or marriage, with a congratulatory letter. . . .

Under the heading of promoting attendance at fund-raising meetings are the suggestions:

Conduct a queen and court of honor contest. . . . Present gifts to the first hundred persons who present themselves. . . . Arrange for the appearance of celebrities. . . . Present easily solved riddles or puzzles. . . . Open the event with a parade.

Under "Religion" there are also practical suggestions, such as "Sponsoring a prayer-writing project among the community's youth. . . . Publicize outstanding prayers, chosen on the basis of sincerity, directness, simplicity, and application to some current problem."

John Goffe's Legacy, by George Woodbury (New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1955, 272 pages, \$3.50).

This book is American history for 200 years, as experienced by eight generations of John Goffe's descendants, with a stage setting of southern New Hampshire. The story is quite different from that of the parallel periods in Pennsylvania or New Jersey or Virginia, because the farm land "ran out." But the mill stream still flows, and the author—eighth generation—still has a mill, but not five of them as there once were. Indians have changed from menace to legend, and the country is now popular for summer resorts. The book is well written and interesting, a fine close-up history of an area which still hopes to remain rural, though not by old-time definitions.